

DELL

FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE

MARCH, 1955

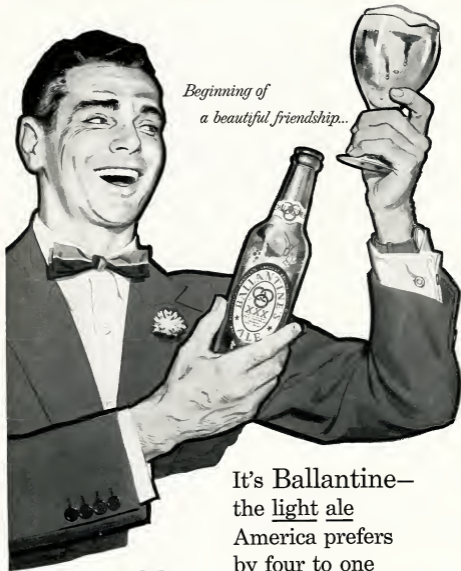
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Jim Riccio had ordered this woman out of his home as an evil influence on him and his wife. He couldn't understand it when she came back. See story on page 34.



MARCH, 1955

FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE

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EDWARD DeBLASIO associate editor

JOHN CAMERON feature editor

JOYCE WATKINS production editor

FERNANDO TEXIDOR

art director

FRANK STOCKMAN

art editor

WILLIAM WARD senior correspondent

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COVER BY BILL STONE

The photograph on page 24 was posed by professional models.

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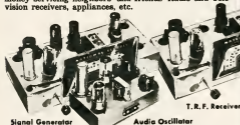
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Some beggars send letters: "I'm noseless, deaf and mute." These are usually typed by secretaries and sent by wealthy fakers.

The Beggar in the Gold Cadillac

*That dime you just dropped in the tin cup may be part
of a faker's \$60 an hour income, seven days a week.*

by CARL SIFAKIS

■ HE OPERATES throughout the Midwest and he's known in the trade as T.B. Charlie. He's made his biggest hauls from sympathetic Chicagoans who fall for his line about his suffering the "last stages of tuberculosis." No small change for Charlie. His technique rakes in the

green stuff, and green stuff is what he gets for his act—It's that good.

Just before he makes his touch, Charlie places a tiny capsule filled with a red substance in his mouth. Then he tells his sad tale and just when he reaches the part about "the lung hemorrhages I get," he bites down on the capsule and lets the phony blood drool from the corner of his lips.

A horrifying sight—but just the sight that invariably gets results. The terrified and/or sympathetic suckers can't hand over some money and get away from Charlie fast enough.

When Charlie was first arrested 15 years ago, the judge had to admit he was a pretty shrewd businessman. Even Charlie couldn't resist smirking back: "You know, Your Honor, I'm thinking of incorporating."

A gas?

Not a hit.

T.B. Charlie has made thousands of dollars from his degrading little racket.

So, too, did Robert T. Ingles, also known as Joseph E. Addelson, who died not long ago in a paupers' ward at New York City's Bellevue Hospital. Police had known him as an energetic beggar who toured the country for years on a regular begging beat.

Every year, Ingles would leave his private room in a Third Avenue flop house and drive out to Detroit. There he traded in his last-year's model automobile for a new one and then he'd take off on his rounds.

His stock in trade was a batch of pencils, a tin cup and one leg, and a book in which he kept a careful account in code of his daily earnings in each of the cities he visited.

One typical sample from his account book reads: "Philadelphia, total pencils—300

at 9 A.M.; \$36 and 550 pencils at 6 P.M.

The only person with whom Ingles kept in contact during these trips was his New York attorney. Ingles thoughtfully sent him picture post cards from such far-flung places as Tampa, Fla., and Portland, Me.

When police searched Ingles' effects shortly after his death, they found a bank book showing that he had deposited some \$2500 in a Manhattan bank. That would hardly have marked Ingles as an unusually professional beggar since, almost daily, newspapers carry squibs about beggars who go around loaded down with more dough than we. However, as the police dug deeper, they discovered that Ingles also had accounts in 42 other banks—from Maine to California—and that his total assets were way up in the six-figure category!

BEING human, you undoubtedly have given money to panhandlers—or "pannies," as the boys in the trade prefer to refer to themselves. And have no delusions that, having done so, you haven't been suckered by many a professional pannie who probably "earns" twice as much a day as you do. Pannies are convincingly adept at feigning disabilities that just aren't there.

By far the easiest misfortune for a pannie to fake is blindness. About the most resourceful phony blind man—or "hlinkie"—New York police ever ran into was a character who simulated blindness by pasting his eyelids down with collodion, generally used as a protective coating over photographic film, before leaving home each morning. Then, at the end of his so-called working day he would step into a secluded alley, pull a small bottle of alcohol and a swab of cotton from his

pocket and wipe the collodion from his eyelids.

Another was "Blind Charley," who for years stationed himself outside Macy's department store in New York bearing a sign: "I am blind; please help me."

Charley, who made out well enough to buy four apartment houses, eventually did go blind (the result of many years of standing in the street and keeping his eyes well open toward the sun) and retired.

As he explained to a policeman who ran into him sometime later, "You couldn't expect me to go on working in this disabled condition, could you?"

"Phony crips" are the fellows who have learned to sit in wheel chairs or on the ground and give the impression that they have a leg missing. Don't worry, the leg's there all right—taped right under them. A little training in yoga and a phony crip doesn't even have to use tape!

Others, practicing a more simple type of deception, encase their perfectly sound legs in form-fitting shells which appear to be artificial legs. Some professionals, willing to sacrifice comfort for their art, wear steel braces which distort the position of their bodies or heads. The brace may be a mite uncomfortable, but the boys earn more than enough to afford a good rub-down in an athletic club every night if they should need one! One "legless" pannie, who added a "broken neck" collar to his paraphernalia patheticque, admitted to police that the extra touch had actually tripled his take.

"Handsome Harry," well known to mendicant squads throughout the East, is a combination "Sicker"—or fit thrower, and "weeper"—or man with a sad tale to tell.

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Harry's key to success is correctly pegging a victim. He selects his victim carefully before getting on with his act. The act is short and violent and consists of letting loose with a gurgling cry that would put Laurence Olivier's Oedipus wail to shame, and crashing his head against the concrete pavement. The routine is greatly enhanced—and eased—by the presence of a two-inch square silver plate in Harry's skull, a memento of a head injury.

Naturally Harry's sucker rushes to his side and revives him from a "dead faint." Harry then rumbles that his condition is the result of a gross lack of food. He also manages to add that the plate in his head is a war injury which the government doesn't consider serious enough for a pension.

Harry's routine requires split-second timing. Too rapid a recovery may not arouse the Samaritan in people and too slow a recovery may send some flighty person running to call an ambulance. When the latter occurs, Harry jumps to his feet, brushes himself off and rushes away.

A professional pannie's take varies in proportion to the repulsiveness of his act. The more he can shock his victim, the bigger his loot.

Take the New York beggar who used to pose as a leper. He was a tall, gaunt, olive-skinned man who'd haunt shadowy alleys and emerge only when he saw a prospective sucker coming along. "Mister," he'd shriek, his eyes opening wide. "Mister . . . I'm a leper . . . Will you drop some money on the sidewalk for me? . . . Will you, please? . . . For a poor leper?"

All this time, the "leper" would keep moving towards his quarry, his arms outstretched—and more than one poor soul is known to have reacted by dropping his entire wallet and then running like hell.



Take, too, the West Coast's K. C. Kid, one of the most successful of the door-to-door weepers. If a housewife, the Kid's only prey, was unmoved by his pitch about no food and no sleep, he got results by announcing that he was going to commit suicide right there on the lady's doorstep. The Kid reconsidered whenever the horrified woman begged him not to—and came across with a couple of dollars.

You yourself probably encounter dozens of pannies who you are positive are 100 percent on the level about their afflictions. If so, you'll find yourself in a dandy argument with welfare authorities who say that very few people genuinely handicapped ever stoop to begging. One official survey of beggars in New York City indicated that at least 56 percent were professional beggars and that only 24 percent of the total could be classified as "abnormal," with most of these mental cases.

THE majority, in short, are just plain fakes—some with families in the suburbs whom they support with their earnings, others out-and-out alcoholics and dope fiends who need the money for their kicks.

The question then is: How many of the whining, hang-dog type beggars you meet would really sleep on a park bench for the night or go without food for another day unless you gave him some money?

The answer, experts agree, is: Darned few. According to Stanley Wartenberg, employment director for the New York Lighthouse, an organization which aids the blind, investigation has shown that some blinkies "are collecting, not making, \$168 a week!" New York is such a soft touch for blinkies, Wartenberg says, some of them even commute to the city from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, work the streets a while then go home to rest up, their pockets bulging.

The situation is the same the country over, leading to such reports as: Chicago: Skid row beggar, who lived in a \$5-a-week seepage cubicle, leaves estate of \$60,000!

Houston: Legless beggar who pushed himself about with wooden blocks upon a little platform with wheels, discovered to be sitting on \$60,000!

New York: Four known pannies work mornings near Romy Theater, one relieving another while the rest shoot the breeze, until they have \$20, enough for booze for the day!

Los Angeles: Young beggar, arrested for scratching the arm of a restaurant hostess when she tried to prevent him from soliciting at tables, found to have \$8500 bank balance!

It's no trouble for a pannie in a good location with heavy pedestrian traffic to net an easy \$5 an hour. In Oklahoma City recently, a partially-paralyzed pannie was found to be raking in \$64 a day. Perhaps some of the kind-hearted persons who donated money to this "creature of misery" changed their minds when police told the full story.

The pannie had come to Oklahoma City from Dallas because things were so slow there he couldn't afford to keep up payments on his new car and give his chauffeur \$35 a week!

He was arrested, in fact, when his chauffeur tried to change \$50 worth of nickels and dimes into paper money. His story about the automobile payments was verified when police found a hook from a Dallas financing firm, showing that he'd been paying \$163 a month on a high-priced new car.

Perhaps the world's record for high-speed begging is held by a one-armed pannie named Campbell. On V J Day he donned a khaki uniform, bedecked with medals, and descended on the happy, near-hysterical crowds jamming New York's Times Square. Quickly, he moved through the mob, shoving the stump of his arm in front of people's faces, grumbling: "You know how this happened. Now come along!"

If, when the police nabbed him, they had

dunked him in a swimming pool, Campbell would have sunk under the weight of his loot which included several pounds of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars—not to mention a handsome wad of bills. He confessed that he had been making \$60 an hour that day!

Would-be clever pannies, like Campbell, always keep up on the news.

Reports on any major disaster, for instance, will automatically change a hundred lines. Missing legs are suddenly attributed to any



recent train wreck or hurricane or mine disaster. If an epidemic has struck, scores of pannies have "just got out of the hospital."

Besides garnering bigger handbills than most of us can ever hope to garner, some beggars even become famous in their—you should excuse the expression—work.

Broadway Rose, for one.

As many a small town has acquiesced in the eccentricities of its "village idiot," Manhattan for years put up with Rose, a saucy, bedraggled female who made her rounds wearing a torn calico dress and scuffed red bedroom slippers.

ROSE—born Anna Dym, the nightmarishly homely daughter of a retired Brooklyn pushcart peddler—hit the bright-light district in 1929. She was 17 then, a stage-struck little autograph hunter. Almost immediately she developed a knack for making a pest of herself and people obliged her for whatever she asked—just to get rid of her. Soon she was asking for money. And so well did her technique work, that after a time, she would accept folding money only. Celebrities quailed at Rose's glance and once even Jack Dempsey fled his restaurant when she walked in to put the touch on his customers.

In time Broadway Rose prospered to the extent that she could refuse donations from nobodys with the admonition: "Go get yourself a reputation, jerk, before I'll take your scratch!"

Women make great pannies. Even those not in the same league with Broadway Rose—the wise boys on the Stern figured she made \$10,000 a year—do well enough.

"Crying Mary" did a whooping good business on the Brooklyn Bridge. And many a tough old Brooklynite, homeward bound, was touched by the nag's tears—until police learned that she had defective tear ducts and could turn on the waterworks with more ease than a chef preparing an onion omelette for ten.

But if women do well, kids do even better. In San Antonio, Tex., recently a one-legged 12-year-old boy told police that he had to beg in order to support his father, his father's sweetheart and his five brothers and sisters and to pay installments on the family car.

He told police that he begged as much as \$15 and \$20 a night. "But," he added, "I catch the dimes from Dad when the take ain't big enough."

Then there are the beggars who go around carrying incessantly howling babies in their arms. Take it from one old New York police inspector: "The kids aren't crying because they're hungry. It's because the safety pins in their diapers have been left open—on purpose—to make them cry."

MANY are the beggars who operate in front of the same department store or big building every day—and many are the dandy jurisdictional battles that sometimes break out when one pannie invades another's territory. In Los Angeles recently a crowd of more than 30 persons gathered and tried to break up a fist fight between two angry "joyriders"—the trade name for those legless beggars who wheel around the streets on little platforms.

Joyriders are one brand of pannie almost never touched by policemen. Some of them make good money. There's one in the East who supports his family in a fashionable home in Long Island and who himself lives in a New York hotel during the working week and goes home for weekends.

Many joyriders could easily work, but they adamantly refuse to go to work for an institution caning chairs, say, or making knick knacks. "Why should I give up a job that pays me better than \$100 a week for one that would give me maybe \$30 or \$35," one of these men has said.

Many policemen admit they would never run in a joyrider unless ordered to do so in a big city cleanup. As a matter of fact, few cops bother to arrest any pannie. Vice squad work is generally known as the job cops hate most, but many consider mendicant work just as lousy.

"Arrest any pannie, even if he's a known phony, and a cop will get curses and sneers from passersby," one cop explains. "Women especially yell about why don't we leave those 'poor creatures' alone . . ."

Magistrates always show a lenient streak when dealing with beggars. They feel that unless there is firm evidence to the contrary, pannies should be considered genuinely needy persons trying to make a living. Throughout the country there are virtually no tests made on beggars to see if their disabilities are on the up-and-up, and many pannies are so adept at their art that only a doctor could spot it.

Soon after the '29 Crash, New York City instituted a Beggars' Clinic—probably the most successful of the scientific attempts ever made to get beggars off the streets. For the 18 months the clinic lasted (it folded when the Federal government withdrew its financial aid) doctors were assigned to Night Court to examine every beggar arrested. Phony crips and blinkeys were tossed in the clinic by the

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hundreds and the city was soon off limits to professional pannies. When the clinic was discontinued, however, judges went right back to releasing the thieves with the needy.

Many pannies are really "diagnos," more small-time confidence men than beggars. During World War II and the Korean War, there was the well-dressed pannie who used to visit a funeral home to make arrangements for the burial of a "son-in-law who has died overseas." His daughter, he would say, lived in a small town near the city. He would then explain that he'd been at his daughter's home for the past two or three days and that because of the terrible epidemic he was badly in need of a shave and general grooming but was out of money. Would the undertaker lend him five dollars, he'd then ask. He'd be back with the five as soon as the bank opened in the morning.

Needless to say, many an unsuspecting mortician gave the last rites to many a five during this period.

Begging by mail is a favorite past time for the professional pannie. It's believed that something like 100,000 begging letters pass through the New York City post office each year, and a proportional amount in other cities.

Some of the mail-beggars hit individuals, while others prefer to put the hit on business houses and manufacturers. Usually the pannie poses as a mother with a dozen children, a sick husband, a bad foot and a strong yen for some article made by the manufacturer. Better Business Bureau units throughout the country investigate hundreds of such letters annually and find few that measure up to the miserable

conditions that are described in the letters.

A woman in Redding, Cal., sent out hundreds of postcards which read: "I am a mother of nine children, one son crippled and one son blind in one eye and one girl has kidney trouble, and I have a broken hand now and a sick husband, and I never have any money, and I would love to have a lamp—one that has been damaged; would be very glad to get any kind to help brighten our home. Thank you very much. Signed C.R.S."

SAYS the BBB: "Investigation revealed that

Mrs. S. had five children, not nine; two were married living away from home; the third was 21 and making a good living toward support of the family. They had an adequate home, owned an automobile; Mrs. S. was drawing a full continuous claim from the California State Unemployment Insurance, as was Mr. S. . . . Apparently Mr. and Mrs. S. appealed to many manufacturers for articles which, when received, they sold."

An equally deceptive Amesbury, Mass., "Destitute Mother of Nine" received a total of two truckloads of contributed merchandise in response to her postal pleas. The Chief of Police reported later: "An express man called at the office saying he had brought 450 pounds of food to the woman from a Boston company. He'd brought potatoes, bananas, carrots, peppers and corn by the crate. He tipped me off when he 'suspected something was wrong.'"

Welfare authorities have often discovered letter-beggars who employed secretaries to type their phony pleas. One pannie, they

(Continued on page 14)

FRONT PAGE CASE BOOK

COMPLETE COVERAGE FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



EVEN SCORE

■ Cop William Kelly surprised ex-con George Cullen prying open the rear window of a New York supermarket. Cullen bolted for the roof—Kelly followed—blazing away with his service revolver. But evasive, fast running Cullen proved tough roof-top target; it required 20 shots to wing him and book him on burglary attempt.



THEY GOT THE DOPE

■ It was dangerous and took months of planning, but these narcotics agents from various countries got what they came for. Dressed as Arabs, posing as smugglers, they entered the Syrian hideouts of a narcotics ring operating in Turkey, Lebanon and Syria, nabbed 27 men and confiscated 583 pounds of crude opium (shown)—destined for American consumption.



DUMMY SHOW

■ Answering a report of a gang fight in progress, two Detroit policemen left their squad car at a street intersection—went to investigate. When they returned they found their windshield smashed with a large chunk of concrete, two hours later—another report of a gang fight. And at the same intersection the squad car found this dummy swinging from a lamppost. Paper head—football shoes—galoshes—and the message neatly spelled out, WE HATE COPS—just in case the cops didn't catch on the first time.



DON'T CROSS THE DATE LINE

■ Los Angeles teenagers have a law of their own about dating girls from "dating districts" claimed by rival gangs and if 17-year-old Frank Muro were alive he could tell about how they enforce it. Muro's body was found miles from his home, riddled with bullets. Shown making identification at the morgue are his sister Junita, (right) and his cousin Martha.

LAST ACT

■ In Rome, N. Y., Joseph Michalina armed himself with a shotgun, kicked open the kitchen door and shot his wife in the head—in full view of his two youngest children, aged nine and six. Then he stumbled to the basement and turned the gun on himself. His last act, just before death, was to sign a confession.



EYE WITNESS

■ Police in Redondo Beach, Cal., arrested Mack Rivenbaugh on suspicion of robbery and burglary—also booked his companion, Joan Pain, 20. Joan, however, made a strong protest, and while Rivenbaugh listened, told her story of being kidnapped in Phoenix, Ariz., being forced to assist in a hold-up and getting beat up along the way, sported black eye to back her up.

ILLETHAL WEAPON

■ Michael J. Sanchez, Jr., was mad—fightin' mad—fought two pitched battles with police—fought with anything he could lay his hands on to avoid arrest for allegedly molesting a child. At San Francisco Prison, he turned fury on photographers, missed with first weapon he found—a harmless rubber stamp.



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FRONT PAGE CASE BOOK (continued)



Strip down an old chassis, soup up an old motor and you may get something that sounds and travels like a jet. But it's jail if you try huzzain' it around Compton, Cal.

■ A hot-rod roundup in Compton, Cal., caught more than 125 speed-crazy kids racing their souped cars on a strip of highway in a well-timed police raid. As the cops closed in, many of the hot-rodders took off over bumpy fields, and races between cops and hot-rodders developed with speeds up to 80 miles per hour. In all but a few cases, the cops came out the winners. Lined up bumper to bumper, the offending cars were impounded and drivers were hooked on suspicion of engaging in an illegal speed contest.



After two years in jail because he looked like the man who pulled a drugstore robbery, Kenneth Massey has handshake for warden. Real handit (right) made full confession.

■ I DIDN'T DO IT . . . I'm not the guy you want . . . I'm innocent—Kenneth Massey kept repeating over and over for almost two years—ever since they picked him up for a \$60 drugstore holdup in El Paso, Tex., but nobody believed him. Massey demanded a lie detector test and the test hacked him up, but with the druggist's positive identification, he was brought to trial anyway. Although he had no previous crime record, Massey was given 15 years. The normal life he planned for himself, a good job, the girl he wanted to marry—it was all out of the question now. No one in prison listened to him either, not until nearly two years later when convicted murderer William Karston, who could pass for Massey's twin, decided to get it off his chest, told Iowa police he was the drugstore bandit. Show pictures of both men, the druggist who had identified Massey admitted there was a great resemblance. But, said Massey: "I'm not bitter . . . I'm very happy. I've sweated it out for a long time." Granted full release, Massey quietly left Huntsville, Tex., prison, headed home with \$50 and a new suit, the same things he would have been given if guilty.

■ Frederick Ferguson entered his estranged wife's home in Spokane, Wash., put a gun against his temple and announced that he was going to kill himself. Managing a quick call to the police, his wife herded



her four small children into a bedroom where they barricaded the door and escaped through the window. When police poured tear gas into the house, Ferguson—still clutching his gun, still threatening suicide—slipped through a trap door to a small semi-cellar, steadfastly ignored the pleas of a minister to give up his gun and surrender. More tear gas, and this time Ferguson emerged, weeping, gagging, but ready for a struggle, forced police to drag him away.

■ Detroit police revoked the driver's license of Ello Mucciante and warned him not to drive his car. But one night Ello received a call from his estranged wife who begged him to meet her in a drugstore. It's urgent, she told him, a real emergency, so risking arrest, he drove to the drugstore. He only met his wife there, but the police as well—whom Mrs. Mucciante allegedly phoned to inform them that her husband was driving around without a license. But it ended all right. A judge ruled it didn't count, dismissed the charges.

■ On trial for murder, Danny Craddock, 29-year-old ex-marine, gets cleared by his



own "jury" of two—a kiss each from daughters Lydia, 6, and Dale, 8 (left). Charged with the murder of Ernest Trulard, a rival for his wife's affections, Crad-

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dock entered a plea of temporary insanity. Mrs. Craddock watches as her husband takes time out at Detroit's Records Court for his quick vote of confidence.

■ Eighteen-year-old Magdalena Tan was beautiful and she could dance—so, along with eight other young German girls, she was given a two-year contract to tour Italy and Switzerland with a dance troupe operated by a refugee Hungarian. But letters home showed that the troupe was immediately whisked off to dance in such Arabian nights places as Turkey, Iraq, and Cyprus. "Dancing is only part of the job," said Magdalena's frantic mother in a letter to a newspaper, "she must dance with drunken men in sordid nightclubs... entice them to drink." In Turkey, Magdalena wrote her, "the old Turks handled me like a piece of livestock... in Baghdad they made me drink three bottles of champagne a night with water-pipe smoking Arahs, and a customer slipped me a hashish "mickie-finn" in Cyprus." The contract, which says she must pay \$1000 if she comes home before two years, is legal according to German authorities, so Magdalena's mother made an appeal to German newspapers to help save her daughter. She recently found hope when the troupe's manager lost a similar suit in court, was forced to send another 18-year-old home.

in the houses of thieves and fences, but some never get claimed by the owners and go for auction, the proceeds going to the police pension fund. This haul brought in



over \$12,000, paid in by a public glad to catch the cops dealing in stolen goods.

■ Picked up on a vagrancy charge, Meredith Lowe explained to the Milwaukee police that of the 300 or so women in his life, he'd found 30 or 40 sufficiently intrigued to contribute to his support. Admiring he was a "natural horn liar," Lowe told police that his latest conquest was a 52-year-old widow, who gave him \$20 when he convinced her he was a wounded war vet. She found him out, he said, when he told her that he was heir to a 40-room mansion and an oil fortune... still gave him \$200 because she felt sorry for him. Police wanted to hear more of Lowe's invisible means of support and the judge concurred—ordered the case continued.

■ Diamonds, pearl necklaces, furs and other valuables go for the highest bid at New York police headquarters. Each year cops confiscate hundreds of articles found

The Cleanup Spot

MIX-UP FINALE—It's going to be life imprisonment for Orville T. Waldron for the second degree murder of Lieutenant Colonel William A. Cavington, the husband of Waldron's former communal wife. (*The Not So Merry Mix-Up*, October FRONT PAGE, 1954.) Waldron admitted entering the bedroom where the Cavingtons were sleeping but told the court, "I do not remember the shooting. I did not aim at anybody. I have no memory." But according to Florida Judge



C. E. Chillingworth, who sentenced him to the maximum life imprisonment, it was "cold blooded murder." Under Florida law, Waldron must spend at least 20 years in prison.

THERE WAS NO MISTAKE about the sentence—life imprisonment—for Edward Anderson, 18, and Robert Soldier, 17. (*They Mistook Us For Men*, December FRONT PAGE, 1954.) Indicted for the murder of George W. Cain who was shot to death while they held up an East St. Louis, Mo., tavern, the boys entered a plea of guilty while the jury was being sworn in to try them. Soldier said he struck a customer who wasn't "following orders," and Anderson confessed to shooting Cain when he tried to intercede. For the \$77 the hold up netted them, the youths will have to serve at least 20 years before they become eligible for parole.

AFTER 30 DAYS of psychiatric examination, Mrs. Dora Litter, 50-year-old self-styled minister, has been declared insane and will be committed to the Lima, O., State Hospital. When the body of her 21-year-old daughter-in-law, Edith Litter, was discovered in her combination farm and prayer-meeting house (*The Big Sleep*, November FRONT PAGE, 1954), Mrs. Litter told the authorities she had not notified them of the death because it was enough "that God had been notified." The girl had been dead three months, and although police said they could get no coherent account from Mrs. Litter, she was nevertheless indicted for murder. The cause of death has still not been announced.

IN HOUSTON, Tex., L. A. Bratton, 30-year-old acting market master, was found guilty of murder in the killing of produce trucker Bennie Guajardo, 27, of San Antonio. (*Why Did Bennie Have To Die*, January FRONT PAGE, 1954.) When the sentence of five years was announced, Bratton's wife and sister fainted and his attorneys immediately announced that they would demand a new trial on the grounds that the state had failed to prove its case. "The evidence was purely circumstantial . . . if we're overruled, we'll appeal," they said. Bratton claimed that he shot Guajardo in self defense when Guajardo and another man attacked him with knives.

A LIFE FOR LIVELY—When the body of 18-year-old Dorothy Poore was found stuffed in the bottom drawer of a dresser in a hotel room in Indianapolis, Ind., suspicion fell on Victor Lively, 25-year-old diminutive salesman from Beaumont, Tex. (*I Know I'll Burn*, November FRONT PAGE, 1954.) Car drivers and bell-boys said he'd offered them money "to get him a girl," but just before he confessed, Lively made a vehement denial, said it was some other guy. Brought to trial on his own confession, Lively did another about face, claimed he confessed because he was "afraid of getting whipped by a



blackjack." But the jury of 11 men and one woman believed the state's contention that Lively strangled Dorothy when she refused to submit to his advances. He was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

MARINE'S INNOCENT—It took the San Francisco jury 15 hours, but they knew what they wanted and Marine Privates Henry Shirley and Sergeant Bobby Hitzfeld were declared not guilty in the strong arm slaying of Frank Bernard, 38, brother-in-law of former baseball player Eddie Joost. (*You Be Agent X-9*, December FRONT PAGE, 1954.) From the first, the majority of the nine-woman, three-man jury were in favor of acquittal. "They could not place enough belief in the testimony of the prosecution's witnesses," said the jury foreman.



Free: Marines Hitzfeld (r.) and Shirley.

After the verdict was announced, one juror wiped tears from her eyes, while another approached the boys as they laughed, cried and slapped each other on the back, and told them, "after this, stay out of undesirable places." Shirley and Hitzfeld were charged after Bernard was found robbed and beaten to death in a parking lot outside a San Francisco tavern. Both Marines said they were with Bernard in the tavern, but maintained that he had already been "slugged and rolled." He later died from his injuries.

DEATH FOR A DARE—For the murder of pretty 15-year-old Marta Marie Gibbons, George W. Capps, 22, has been sentenced to die in the electric chair at Pennsylvania's Rockville State Penitentiary. (*You Wouldn't Dare*, May FRONT PAGE, 1954.) Capps stood quietly with his hands folded in front of him as Judge Edwin H. Satterthwaite handed down the sentence. His wife, who bore him a son shortly after his arrest, was not present in the court. Marta's partially clad body was discovered in a gully near her Levittown, Pa., home several days after she was reported missing. Capps, a neighbor and one of the leaders of the searching party, was indicted after making an alleged confession to Levittown police. His court appointed attorney announced that he will appeal the case to the state supreme court.

THE FIRST TIME the Fulton, Ga., jury couldn't agree, and the trial of Ernest E. Bishop for the murder of Eugene D. Norton ended in a mistrial. (*Crazy Over Women, Women, Women*, February FRONT PAGE, 1954.) Brought to trial a second time, Bishop waived a jury trial, entered a plea of not guilty but was found guilty as charged by Judge Eugene D. Hendrix, who then sentenced him to life imprisonment.

TEXAS OILMAN Edgar A. Neely, 52, has been found innocent of a charge that he murdered film stuntman Philip E. Ahlm during a Hollywood cocktail party. (*Stunt Man*, October FRONT PAGE, 1954.) The shooting took place during an alleged argument over Senator McCarthy, and the state of Texas, but the jury of 11 women and one man, noting that Ahlm actually died of peritonitis while recovering from the wound, absolved Neely of guilt.

SILENT, stony faced and showing no sign of emotion, Margaret Mahoney, 29, and her lover Alfred Bates, 23, listened to the verdict of guilty of manslaughter at their trial for the death of Mrs. Mahoney's two and a half-year-old son. (*Behavior Problem*, November, FRONT PAGE, 1954.) New York General Sessions Judge Jonah J. Goldstein sentenced each to two-and-a-half to ten years in prison.

MAYBE WILLIAM BROWN, Jr., 21, owes his life to a rubber ball. On trial for the rape murder of his pretty blond sweetheart, June Krentalin, 21 (*Who Pushed You June?*, July FRONT PAGE, 1954), the jury which acquitted him heard defense attorneys accuse the prosecution of withholding from evidence a rubber ball found near the bottom of a stone stairway where the girl's body was found. The implication was that the might have slipped on the ball and fallen the flight of stairs. The trial was marked by angry outbursts from two witnesses, after testimony by Robert Burgher, a cellmate of Brown, that Brown had privately admitted the murder. A second cell mate, Mike Garcia, dramatically hurled two pieces of coin at the feet of the district attorney and yelled, "I'm no Judas,"



testified that the state had promised him leniency if he would testify against Brown. A third witness, Henry Langert, also testified that he was offered leniency if he would testify, characterized Burgher's testimony as false. The district attorney denied suppression of evidence, asked the jury to convict Brown, but to no avail.

IN DETROIT, MICH., a jury of seven men and five women have found Claude W. Morse guilty of first degree murder in the slaying of his wife, Verlie. (*And Him A Preacher*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955.) Morse was indicted after her body was unearthed from a farm in Kentucky. The prosecution charged that Morse murdered his wife, put her body in the trunk of his car and drove from Detroit to Kentucky where he buried her.

THE LITTLE TOWN of Amesbury, Mass., sat back with a sigh of relief when Mrs. Lorraine Clark pleaded guilty to the murder of her husband on the opening day of the now famous wife-swap murder

trial. (*Hey Honey, I Drew Your Key*, October FRONT PAGE, 1954). District Attorney Hugh A. Cregg immediately recommended acceptance of the plea it would save Mrs. Clark's parents and children "shame, disgrace, and notoriety." Amesbury was also spared more notoriety as it became clear that Mrs. Clark's confession would not be made part of the trial record and would not be open to public scrutiny. The confession, was said to contain details of the wife-swap adventures of some townspeople as well as her own. Judge Charles imposed a life sentence.

THE ORDEAL IS OVER—The charges against James T. Roberts that he kidnapped and murdered his seven-year-old daughter, Judith Ann, have been dropped. (*The Ordeal of Mr. Roberts*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955.) Roberts was indicted after the child was kidnapped from her grandparents' home in Miami and found beaten, strangled to death and sexually molested. Although he denied any complicity in her death, Roberts was held—partly on the testimony of a private detective who said that after leaving a night club he had seen Roberts near the spot where the child's body was found. It was since shown that the night club was closed on that night. The Miami district attorney said he would seek a perjury indictment against the detective.

FOR HIS PART in a murder-for-profit scheme in Lake Wales, Fla., J. Willard Durden has been sentenced to one year in prison. (*It's a Hoax, Folks*, September FRONT PAGE, 1954.) The state said he conspired with Attorney Emmett J. Donnelly to murder three of Donnelly's clients. Donnelly committed suicide but Durden still faces trial on two charges.

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By Larry Roberts

What do you know about crime? The better informed you are, the more valuable a citizen you become to your community. Test your knowledge. Mark an X beside your answers.

1. Would you say many of the guards who wind up working in state prisons choose this kind of work because they can't get along with fellow workers and bosses in jobs outside?

- ☐ (a) Yes. This is one reason inmates generally have little respect for the keepers.
- ☐ (b) No. Guards' take-home pay, hours and working conditions compare favorably with the average mechanic or factory production worker outside.

2. Observing those in a prison yard, do you think most of the inmates take pains to look as neat and decent as possible?

- ☐ (a) Yes. Prisoners make a special effort to keep the last vestige of their self-respect by trying to look as neat as they can.
- ☐ (b) No. Fully two-thirds of the inmates don't care how seedy and unrespectable they look.

3. Do you know this woman executed in San Quentin's gas chamber in April, 1947? She was first dressed into San Quentin as a lifer in 1921 for murdering a man. She buried the body by herself. Eighteen years later upon her release,



she went to live with a lady associated with the parole board. Her friend died six months later. Subsequently, she moved in with other friends—a married couple. She did away with the woman, secretly buried her, then made a mental institution case of the husband. It was for this woman's murder that she revisited San Quentin as a Condemned Row transient. The woman, who was married three times, never killed any of her husbands; she drove them all to suicide.

4. Do you think there's such a thing as a "normal" prisoner—not including a

first offender who got into trouble because the situation was too much for him to cope with?

- ☐ (a) Yes. The majority of offenders are as normal as anybody else—just "wise guys" who cut corners to pick up a fast buck.
- ☐ (b) No. Every one of them is a suitable subject for a psychiatrist.

5. Inside police headquarters, you see both uniformed officers and plainclothesmen. How do you suppose they get along together in the investigation of an important case?

- ☐ (a) Very well—with real teamwork.
- ☐ (b) There's mutual dislike and rivalry. Cops feel the detectives get all the credit.

6. A neighbor of yours is arrested and charged with writing and mailing a "poison pen" letter. He insists he's innocent. Does he have the right to decline to cooperate with the police or the prosecutor—refuse to give them a sample of his handwriting?

- ☐ (a) Yes. It's up to him.
- ☐ (b) No. He should willingly cooperate.

7. Take another case—where the suspect is requested to give a sample of his blood for comparison with a bloodstain found at a crime scene. If he won't cooperate, do the police have any legal right to take his blood by force?

- ☐ (a) Yes. It's their sworn duty to collect and investigate every shred of evidence available.
- ☐ (b) No. A man's lifeblood is his—to give or to withhold.

8. In a Peeping Tom case, the police want a suspect to stand outside a bedroom to check his height with the complainant's impression of the prowler framed in her window. Can the suspect be legally forced to go along?

- ☐ (a) Yes. He has no right to block police investigation.
- ☐ (b) No. There's no reason why he should have to help the police gather evidence against him.

9. What do you know about prosecuting attorneys—state's, county or district attorneys. Do they actually have the power to drop a case, not prosecute—for their own private reasons?

- ☐ (a) Yes. It's their privilege.
- ☐ (b) No. They must see each and every case through to a verdict.

10. Who is ordinarily chosen foreman of the jury?

- ☐ (a) The first jurymen accepted for duty.
- ☐ (b) Thence who's the best-educated. (Answers on page 92)

The Beggar in The Gold Cadillac

continued from page 7

learned, went so far as to have a lawyer compose his appeals—"Just to play it safe with the postal authorities."

Other letter-beggars adhere to the principle that the best letters come from the most revealing results imaginable, as witness this gem:

"I am an indigent and unemployed man from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., residing in Galt for the past 2½ years, and always having been refused relief here, wish a loan of ten dollars from you.

"I am noseless, toothless, slightly deaf, 'one eyed', having also a ruptured stomach, displaced heart, shrunken lung and damaged leg, and got that way when a child in wartime in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., due to drinking diseased cow's milk, and although healed I am now 'burned out'."

It was signed: "The Man in the Mask . . . Galt, Ontario."

The Toronto BBB investigated and was relieved to discover that the only true word in the man's letter was "unemployable"—meaning, in this case, that he was just too lazy to work.

Most experts agree that begging is a sort of disease, with the beggar requiring curative rather than repressive action.

THERE'S one woman beggar, well past middle age, who is driven to town each morning with a folding chair by her son who is doing very well to a business of his own. When BBB officials asked him why he didn't stop his mother from begging, he shrugged and said, "I don't want Mama to do it, but if I don't bring her to town and let her beg, she will just phone for a taxi and come down anyway."

Only the public can stop professional begging, but as long as the average man and woman continues to plunk coins into every waiting hat, the phony craps and binkies will continue to flourish on donations that would better go to legitimate charities.

Declares the Houston BBB: "Unless the public learns to view the professional beggar for what he is—a predatory animal on the prowl—the time will come when every corner in the downtown business section of Houston will be occupied by an armless or legless man—a man who seems to be blind or one who has some deformity. The sidewalks will be obstructed by prone figures and uplifted hands. In the hearts of these individuals, of course, is nothing but contempt for the suckers who feed them."

The professional pannie is a robber—and an armed robber at that, according to one police official.

"What possible difference does it make if a thief uses a gun or a phony prop to make him seem crippled?" he asks. "It's armed robbery either way."

The next time you hear a hard luck story or face an embarrassing plea complete with emotional display, remember these words from the BBB: "Most likely the man who is actually in physical need will never stoop to begging money!"

The Human Touch

MOMENT MUSICAL—In Santa Monica, Cal., the burglar who robbed Walter Emerson's music shop stole a ukulele and a book titled "How To Play The Harmonica."

SMITTEN HIP AND THIGH—Two Brooklyn, N. Y. thugs made a mistake when they picked on Gerald Butterly, 28, an Irish priest who had just arrived in New York. The men were giving Father



Butterly a lift when they suddenly stopped the car and announced a holdup. Father Butterly lunged from the car dragging one thigh with him. The other thigh followed but in a matter of minutes both Brooklynites, somewhat hattered and bruised, lunged back into the car and sped away. "I can use my fists," the young Irishman somewhat unnecessarily told police, "when I have to."

A, B, C'S OF TRUCKING—Traffic in downtown Los Angeles, Cal., went into a mild tail-spin when part of a trucker's load of goods fell into the street at a busy intersection. As horns tooted and motorists hooted, the red-faced driver scurried among stalled autos frantically trying to retrieve his bouncy consignment of "falsies."

MATURITY—In San Francisco, Cal., a veteran thief who has spent 36 of his 56 years in prison, was arrested again recently on a robbery charge. On the way to jail he told 30-year-old policeman George Jefferies, "Young man, I was doing time before you were born."



ANY KIN TO "H"?—Police found an A Bomb in a railroad box car. The man booked on a charge of vagrancy after his arrest in the box car gave his last name as Bomb. First name, Adam.

HIGH MASH IN TENNESSEE—In Knoxville a man was charged with drunken driving and forcing the auto of a deputy sheriff off the road, on Sunday, gave this unique excuse: "I was on my way to church to pray for forgiveness." He didn't quite make it.

Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy... until they try my method!

But, after an honest trial, if you're at all like the few other men to whom I've told my secret, you'll guard it with your last breath.

Don't jump at conclusions. I'm not a manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no rods or lures to sell. I'm a professional man and make good good-bird-ing in my profession. But my all-absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident, I've discovered how to go to waters that everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bass that you ever saw. The average old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" in every ordinary way of fishing.

THIS METHOD is NOT spinning, trolling, casting, fly fishing, trout fishing, net fishing, hand line fishing, live bait fishing, jugging, setting, trapping, setting, and does not even faintly resemble any of these standard methods of fishing. No live bait or prepared bait is used. You can carry all of the equipment you need in one hand.

The whole secret can be learned in twenty minutes—twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the necessary equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of less than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stranger full. Not one or two miserable 12 or 14 inch over-sized keepers—but five or six real beauties with real percentage bodies. The "find that doesn't need a word of explanation of the professional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely free—too—in every state.

This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they are public guides, they never divulge their secret to their pupils. They use it only when fishing for their own tables. No man on your waters has ever seen it, ever heard of it, or even used it. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as dumb-mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered a gold mine.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE—During safe driving day in Edinburg, Tex., police deputized members of the civil air patrol to help them enforce traffic laws. During the day they gave tickets to the mayor, the judge, the sheriff, the city manager, and a patrolman.

TEMPORARY SHELTER—Three pickpockets working at Chicago subway station, took refuge in the men's room when they were chased by a couple of policewomen. But their safety was short-lived—while one policewoman stood guard, the other called two patrolmen who entered the sanctuary and made the arrest.

HOW UNLUCKY CAN YOU GET?

—A man in Clinton, Conn., is in the city jail because he made three mistakes. The first was when he lifted a handbag from a car—the car belonged to the local chief of police. The second was when he sold a flashlight from the handbag—to the police commissioner. The third, when he tried to peddle the handbag itself to a stranger—the stranger was a state cop in plain clothes who made the arrest.

WOMAN'S WORLD—A 28-year-old woman in Memphis, Tenn., told arresting officers that she had to stop off at her house before they took her to headquarters, but the cops couldn't see it her way. When they refused she fought them all the way to jail. The woman said she wanted to pick up her toothbrush, deodorant and make-up kit.



Because with this secret you can fish within a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the county and pull in ferocious big ones while they count home empty handed. No special skill is required. The secret is just as easily in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My secret will be disclosed only to a few men in each area—men who will give me their word of honor not to give the secret to anyone else.

Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out the secret method of bringing in big bass from your "fished out" waters. Let me tell you why I let you try out my unusual method without taking a penny of your money on instructions or lures. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guarantee that the information I send you will make you a complete adept—until once you try it! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be free.

ERIC E. FARE

317 S. Milwaukee Ave., Libertyville 24, Illinois

Eric E. Fare, 317 S. Milwaukee Ave., Libertyville 24, Illinois

Dear Mr. Fare: Send me complete information without any charge about the secret without the obligation. Tell me how I can learn the secret method of catching big bass from "fished out" waters, even when the old timers are reporting "No Luck."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

U. SURE R.—When he cashed a \$5 check for a stranger, a tavern owner in Cheyenne, Wyo., must have had his eyes closed. The next day the check bounced back at him with a note from the bank that explained they had no such depositor. The check passer had signed himself U. R. Stuck.

EMERGENCY CALL—Police in Miami, Fla., rushed two squad cars and three motorcycles to the home of a citizen who phoned that he was badly hurt and needed help. Waiting for them was a boy of seven who said his mother didn't know anything about the call. He made it, he said, when another boy hit me with a stick. "Why didn't you tell me?" his mother asked. "Last time I told you, you didn't do any thing about it," was the reply.

ONE CAR—TWO DRIVERS—Two men who cooperated in hreking the law in Chicago, got 30 days each for split second timing. The first collided with an oncoming auto, then the second took over the driver's seat and sped away from the scene of the accident. Both pleaded guilty to drunken driving.

UNSCHEDULED STOP—A peace-loving bus driver took matters in his own hands when a group of unruly teenagers forced their way on his bus. He made an unscheduled departure from the regular route, pulled up in front of a nearby police station, turned his passengers over to the law.



NO CUT-UP is this pretty bomemaker, but she has no difficulty cutting this plastic tile to fit odd-sized space. Tilemaster Corp. has created do-it-yourself kit containing instructions, picture ideas and tools needed for complete job. Tile-It-To-Style-It booklet available free. FP-355, Tilemaster, 1415 Diversey Pkwy., Chicago, Ill.



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HOLT'S PISTON SEAL. Next best thing to complete motor overhaul. Restores power and compression, stops piston slap, makes engine quieter, reduces oil consumption and increases miles per gallon. Ppd. \$4.95 tube. Enough for all 6 cylinder cars. Treglowen Co. Inc., FP-355, 137 South Ave., Fairwood, New Jersey.



BRIC KLEEN—New safe product in powder form cleans excess mortar from masonry, neutralizes alkali in concrete, removes water scale from pipes and performs other functions of muriatic acid. Cleans brick walls, barbecue pits, fireplaces, etc. 12 ozs. 89¢. 3 1/2 lbs. \$3.98. Garman Co., Inc., FP-355, St. Louis 23, Mo.



NIXX. Waterless hand cleaner. Actually dissolves "problem" grime—leaves hands soft and clean, even around fingernails and knuckles. 6 ozs. in poly-plastic dispenser tube \$1.00. For the home, office, factory and in automobile glove compartment. Jingle Products Corp., FP-355, 3840 W. Fullerton Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.



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THE BLOTTER

Address The Editor,
Front Page Detective, 261 Fifth Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

BAD PARENTS, GOOD NEIGHBORS

I am a foster mother and I've taken in unwanted children for the last 14 years and have seen many teenage boys and small children change for the better by kindness and love. There are no bad children, only bad parents. . . . If parents tried to make a good home for their children, there wouldn't be so much



crime. Kids need a few prayers now and then and a lot of kindness. . . . When I was a girl of 14, a Dutch neighbor woman on our street always called me in and gave me chocolate fudge and apple pie. The older I get the more I remember her. Where has the good old-fashioned kindness to neighbor kids gone to?

Mrs. Joseph Westler, Mansfield, O.

ORDEAL

I don't understand why James T. Roberts has to have his life ruined by a crime no one can prove (*The Ordeal Of Mr. Roberts*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955). If the evidence is so thin and inconclusive, why do they pick on the most unlikely suspect of all? I don't say he's innocent or guilty, but I do know that once his name is dragged through the mud no one is going to hire him as a lawyer. I, for one, don't believe this is in keeping with American principles of fair play.

R. S. Davidson, Baltimore, Md.

Everyone knows that lie detectors can make mistakes. . . . If they were perfect the courts wouldn't refuse to allow them as evidence or proof of a man's guilt. I think it's right for the police to use them while investigating a case—to keep them on the right track so they won't spend so much time tracking down false leads, etc. . . . but I sure believe it's a terrible thing to depend on it when they indict a man for the murder of his daughter. . . . They should have more than just so much circumstantial evidence before they make such a charge.

Myer Eierkopf, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT HIS DREAMS

I thought *That Was No Dream*, Henry (January FRONT PAGE, 1955) was a terrific account of what must have gone in that man's mind. . . . but I certainly wouldn't want to be in his dreams. . . . it's hard not to feel sorry for him.

Mrs. Ada Hoff, Chicago, Ill.

LUCKY GUY

I admire Barbara Lynn Whatley, she stuck with her man and married him even though he was going to jail for three years (*Honeymoon Suite In Cell Block No. 1*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955). . . . I'm glad she didn't listen to that judge who tried to tell her what to do with her life. Her husband's a lucky guy to have such a loyal wife. . . .

Sgt. A. S. Mullins,
APO, San Francisco, Cal.

GREAT SERVICE

. . . They informed, R. I. P. (December FRONT PAGE, 1954), impressed me very much. It is a fearless and well written story about a disgusting situation. Would appreciate more of the same. The New York waterfront, with which I am familiar, would be a great source of materials in the same line. . . .

E. I., New York, N. Y.

BOLT YOUR DOORS

Edward DeBlasio wrote a fine, understanding story about the baby sitter who was murdered in Springfield, Mass. (*Baby Sitters: Bolt Your Doors*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955.) It's a terrible thing for all the families involved. . . . By the time I'd finished the story I didn't know whose mother to feel most sorry for. . . . all three must suffer terribly.

Enrico Barracci, Rome, N. Y.

ONE BIG HELL

You really had the facts down cold in *Death Of A Stoolie* (January FRONT PAGE, 1955). . . . Whoever said going to jail is like being put away for safe keeping doesn't know what he's talking about. The three years I spent in prison were the longest years of my life, and the most dangerous. Organized mobs inside are a lot rougher than they are on the



outside. There's no such thing as minding your own business. . . . you either do what they tell you or your life is one big hell! The only time the prison authorities learn about what really goes on is when they have a riot on their hands or when they find the body of some poor sap that tried to huck the powers that be. . . . They don't know about the beatings, the kangaroo courts because nobody dares squeal. . . . There's a lot that goes on that never gets known by the so-called grapevine. . . .

An ex-convict, New York, N. Y.

Death Of A Stoolie was a shocker. . . . by reading the newspapers I've heard a lot about prison riots, but this is the first time I've realized that there is such a total lack of discipline. I thought prisons were supposed to punish criminals, that the convicts were made to toe the line instead of having the run of the place. My idea would be to hire some ex-army sergeants to keep order. . . . I've yet to see the hoodlum that could push my old top-kick around.

Ex-private J. McCullen, Chicago, Ill.

Your story was no surprise. Prison riots, deaths, fire—these can be expected as long as there are prisons. . . . these men weren't made to live in captivity; it's no surprise that they become violent. . . . there must be some other way of curing our criminals. . . . No one wants dangerous criminals on the street, but when people find out what prisons are really like, what they can do to a man, they won't want them in prison either. FRONT PAGE deserves a lot of credit for publishing this story. . . .

Alan Tutun, Biloxie, Miss.

I've spent years in Arabia and North Africa and can say that Henry Jordan doesn't know as much about Arabs as he thinks he does. I can say definitely that their instincts are not like those of savage tribesmen. (*Became She Was A Tease*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955.) In my opinion any girl who tells her mother, "If I don't come home you'll know one



of those ogling Arabs got me," is looking for trouble. Maybe the lowliest street-walker will hightail it when she feels an Arab's eyes on her like he claims but it's not the way I remember it. Arabs look up to their women just as much, give them more attention than most American husbands. True, they are tribesmen, but it's just a false impression that they have savage instincts. . . .

Rita Bowles, Boston, Mass.

SYMPATHY

I guess the fat man Joseph Ezzell got a little too drunk to know what he was doing (*A Night For Madness*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955). . . . but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for him. . . . maybe it's because I weigh in at 268 pounds and look a lot like a halloween myself. . . .

John R. Buckles, Detroit, Mich.

A QUESTION OF DATES

Just what's wrong with being dated about 1920? I'm dated a lot earlier than that, consider myself in the prime of life. . . . I think you were a little harsh on Camille Banks (*Who Tied The Red Hot Mama?* January FRONT PAGE, 1955). I wouldn't have a young girl around my place. Camille must have been just about the right age if you ask me. . . .

A. K. Ellender, Los Angeles, Cal.



Bugged eyes, slurred speech, torn blouse told Sheriff Smith (right) he was dealing with murder, but Priest denied it.

NO ONE ELSE CAN HAVE HER

To all but one man she was a beautiful child. To him, she was a woman who must always be his

by DOUGLAS STEVENS

LEBANON, MO., NOVEMBER 24, 1954

■ Her Uncle Thurman Priest's eyes walled back in their sockets and he felt feverish and his hands trembled and his heart knocked against his chest every time he looked at little Jeannette Earnest. He was 48 and he couldn't keep his eyes and his hands off his 11-year-old niece.

In October she was sitting on the couch in her home. She was beautiful and innocent, fondling her doll; and he felt as if he was turning to jelly inside and was going to have one of his blackout spells. He licked his lips and murmured

continued on next page



Alive with beauty, intelligence, the mystery of a girl entering womanhood.

"I don't want you to see Nettie any more. I

"Dearie" and "Honey" and giggled close to her, his hands reaching out and stroking her hair and snaking down around her waist.

Her mother, Mrs. Nadine Earnest, walked in from the kitchen, saw him and flushed in anger and disgust, catching her breath in sudden fear of what might happen to her daughter. Uncle Thurman took his hands away and they twitched nervously in his lap. His eyes rolled upward, half closed. He let his head fall back as though he were lying on a psychiatrist's couch.

"I love her like a father, Nadine," he muttered. "You and her auntie are jealous, I know, but I love her."

"Auntie," was his wife, Jeannette's mother's sister. They'd been married about a year and lived near Jeannette and her mother in Grand Prairie, Tex., between Dallas and Fort Worth.

"I feel a headache," he said. "Bring me some coffee."

Jeannette's mother hit her lip and brought him coffee. He was a coffee

hound, a meek little man who suffered from mastoid, splitting headaches, whisky hangovers and blackout spells when his tongue would twist and he wouldn't even be able to talk plain. Jeannette's mother and his wife had enough of it. In November Mrs. Earnest told him, "I don't want you to see Nettie any more. I think you're spending too much time with her. It isn't good for her."

His eyes bulged angrily, then darted and swam and he gulped the coffee. "Very well. Her auntie wants it that way, too. I guess I'll just go away and she'll never get to see me again." His chin quivered in self pity. "I'll go far away, Ohio or some place."

He and his wife left a few days later. Jeannette was beautiful for an 11-year-old. She was five feet, five inches tall and weighed 105 pounds. Her smooth complexion was rose olive and her hair was brown and soft and curly. And her eyes, brown, were alive with laughter and intelligence, with the mystery and

think you're spending too much time with her. It isn't right."

beauty of a little girl growing into a young woman and not yet aware of it.

Her sixth grade classmates called her Net, her baby name. She was a leader, made A and B grades, had been absent only a few times during her years at Riverside Elementary School. She was first to volunteer for chores like watering the flowers in the classroom. She was captain of a class baseball team, leader in social studies class, vice-president of her Sunday School class at Oakhurst Methodist Church.

AFTER her mother insisted that Uncle Thurman quit seeing her, he and his wife traveled to Ohio and sent back a striped gray-and-pink blouse for Jeannette. Blouses and skirts were her favorite clothing.

Priest and his wife remained in Ohio for a while. But then something came up and they returned to Texas. Priest's wife stayed and on Armistice Day Priest supposedly was on his way back to Dayton, O., to look for a job this time.

That day Jeannette did what hundreds of other little girls did. She watched a parade and ate candy apples. She went with Mrs. Jewett and her children to the parade. Mrs. Jewett operated the washateria next door to Jeannette's home, and Jeannette usually played there from the time she came home from school until her mother got off work and picked her up.

The next day, Jeannette got the strange letter from her Uncle Thurman. It was a "love" letter, written on the back of a card picturing flowers and a cottage beside a lake, and inscribed "Good Bye and Good Luck!"

The letter was dated "11-12-54 . . . Friday Night . . . On Highway 75." Jeannette's mother read it, her flesh crawling.

"Darling," it began. "I am gone when you get this. Be sweet always, and think of me sometimes. You made me very happy those wonderful months we were together."

"I loved you with all my heart, and

I think you will understand more after you get a little older. I may not see you again."

"Your mother thinks it is best I don't and it has broke your auntie's heart, and mine, too. So I decided to give Auntie back to you, because she needs you, and I know you need her."

"Because I love you so dearly, it is nearly killing me to have to give you up, but since I am standing in the way between your mother and auntie and you, I have to do this for all of your happiness."

"Just remember always that you were more than half my life, and I will always remember and love you. Pray for me sometimes, and it will reach me. Love, Uncle Thurman."

Jeannette's mother frowned and tucked the card into a dresser drawer. A strange letter to a child, written as though to a mature woman . . . But at last he was gone and she could breathe easier, she told herself.

continued on next page

When they carried the body out, Priest covered his face and whined. His teeth chattered and his eyes rolled wildly.



Nettie's parents were divorced. Their last gift to her, a cascade of carnations, tied with ribbon.



For Sheriff Wrinkle (left) Priest chewed his lips, begged for coffee; mumbled, "I don't know. My mind is a blank from Tuesday on."

"If I killed her, I want to die in the electric chair. Bring my hat

Those last days flitted by almost as though people around Jeannette—people who knew nothing of the trouble—somehow felt something was wrong, that something was going to happen to the little girl.

On Friday, November 12, her teacher, Mrs. Pauline Edwards, watched the little girl's hands busily working on her clay modeling project. "You have another week's work on it. It's so pretty, I'm anxious to see it when you're finished," she remembers telling her.

On Sunday, November 14, her Sunday School teacher, Mrs. M. B. Brown, Jr., also a substitute school teacher, stood behind Jeannette and, on impulse, put her hand on the girl's shoulder and said, "I feel that every one of you belong to me. . . ."

Jeannette's mother kissed her daughter goodbye when she started to school Tuesday morning, November 16. She was dressed in a solid gray skirt and the pink-and-gray striped blouse her aunt and Uncle Thurman had given her, and a

and coat. Let's go look for her."

bright green corduroy jacket. She was wearing her little circular earrings.

After school she played with Mrs. Jewett's little girl at the washateria. And as they were playing a man walked up to the washateria door and peered inside.

At first, Mrs. Jewett didn't recognize him.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

Jeannette skipped past her, thinking she was making a joke. "Don't be silly," the little girl laughed. "That's my Uncle Thurman."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you," Mrs. Jewett said. But he already had taken Jeannette by the hand and was leading her outside. "Come on, hurry up," he said.

"Wait a minute. You forgot your school books," Mrs. Jewett called.

Jeannette ran back, tucked the books under her arm and skipped out to the car and to the man waiting inside the car for her.

Mrs. Jewett went back to her work, removing clothes from the machines, pouring soap into washes. She knew Thurman Priest was Jeannette's uncle. But she knew nothing of the family trouble or that Thurman Priest was supposed to be in Ohio, not in Grand Prairie, Tex.

At 6 p.m. Jeannette's mother phoned. "I can't find Nettie. Is she at your house?"

Mrs. Jewett told her about Thurman.

The mother gasped. Then she hung up and phoned her sister. Mrs. Priest had no idea her husband was even in Texas. Jeannette's mother rushed out of the house now to talk to the neighbors.

Nobody had seen the little girl or her uncle. It got late—9 o'clock, 10 o'clock—and still they didn't show up. She notified police.

That night Jeannette's collie, Honey Mae, a dog her Uncle Thurman had given her, began to whine and howl in Priest's back yard. He howled through the night, as though in pain or fear.

Next door, a woman, lying in her bed, shuddered and whispered to her husband, "Jeannette's dog is howling so. Something terrible must be wrong over there."

THE POLICE broadcast a description of Priest, Priest's car, and the little girl. Jeannette's mother and aunt tried to tell each other maybe he'd just taken her to a movie, or for a drive out in the country, that he'd bring her home after awhile.

The clock struck midnight. They could hear the collie crying in the darkness outside.

Finally the two women just quit talking to each other, sobbed, and began to pray. The dawn came, but still there was no Jeannette.

Her picture flashed on a television news program later that morning and Mrs. Johanne Page, operator of the Holiday Motel on Highway 183 at nearby Irving, recognized the picture.

"She was with this man," she told police. "He gave his name as T. L. Priest and said he was from Columbus, O. He checked in at 1:45 p.m. Tuesday. He paid his rent for two nights in advance and said he planned to get some rest since he was very tired from a long drive. . . ."

"He spent two hours in his cabin, then left. He returned about an hour later with the little (Continued on page 68)



Nettie's aunt collapsed when the girl's body was found. Her daughter said Priest was the best daddy a girl ever had.



Sheriff Brown reads charge against Priest (left). Victim's mother refused comment, said, "I don't judge."



To Sheriff Cunningham in jail: "I don't know what they call loving something so much that you kill it."



Sleep doesn't come easily for Priest these nights. He's watched constantly against any attempts at suicide.

Exclusive!

THE STORY BEHIND

THE TEXAS GIRL RACKET

To some men, women are marketable goods, desirable and saleable to all men. They will make money for him, buy him clothes, liquor, cars. It's easy for him to make a sale.

by **STANLEY HARRISON**

FORT WORTH, TEX., DECEMBER 1, 1954

■ They've found another girl's nude, lifeless body in a sunken, weed-choked marsh along the Trinity River in Fort Worth, Tex.—another dead victim of the sex racket.

The case is unsolved.

Last year they found the chained body of Patty Harmon, a former high school beauty queen, in a fork of the Trinity.

The case is unsolved.

Fort Worth and the entire Southwest is wide open for prostitution. The sex racket is a breeding ground for murder. What young girl will be the next decomposed body found, the next unsolved case?

FRONT PAGE reporters went into the southwestern underworld and interviewed porters, panders, prostitutes. They talked to law enforcement officers and newsmen who have their hands on the pulse of the rackets.

"Man, I didn't talk to you, see. If you print this, the fuzz and the characters will turn the heat on," one pimp told us. The fuzz are cops. The characters are the inhabitants of the underworld, among them the men who buy and sell women and the women sold in prostitution. "Man, don't forget, I didn't talk to you. If the fuzz sees it they'll call in the characters to see who talked. The characters might get bopped up on weed and take a shot at me. Me—I'm not getting shot at without shooting back. Then I'd really be in a jam. This racket's crazy, man, real crazy."

Here's how the sex racket works in the Southwest. The cast of characters includes slavers with velvet voices and iron fists, and their wild, lonely, love-starved, violent women. Their days begin at dark. They live in a shadowy world. (Continued on page 77)

It's easy to tell these girls. They'll party together in hole-in-the-wall places with their kind of people.



Tools of his trade: The meat cleaver in Captain Sweeney's hand, the saw in Detective Mejer's hand, and a box of bones.

ME? I'M MAKING

"I'm a butcher by trade. Get lots of blood on me when I work. And tonight I'm mak-

MILWAUKEE, WIS., DECEMBER 3, 1954

■ Robert Robell didn't know whether to burst out laughing or to scream. "He told me he cut up his wife and tossed the pieces in the furnace!" Robell said to his wife.

Mrs. Robell nodded. She was white as a sheet. "That's what he told me," she stammered. "Honest, Boh, I'm terribly worried."

Robell shook his head slowly. "Now, Rayleine. To be frank about it, your dad has been hitting the bottle very heavy lately, and you know how he's always kidding. He's liable to tell you anything. But you don't really think he'd cut his wife into pieces and burn the pieces. . . . Your dad's a nice easy-going guy. Maybe he drinks too much, but he never has caused any trouble. And besides, you yourself said the marriage has been working out very well."

Rayleine shrugged frantically. "But she's not at the apartment," she said. "And you know she's an invalid and can't get around. Where could she have gone?"

She could be visiting friends or relatives, Robell said, trying hard to suggest something, anything. Or they might have had a spat over his drinking and she'd decided to stay away for a few days. "Did it look like there was any trouble in the house?" he asked his wife.

She hadn't noticed anything out of order, Rayleine said. "But I was so nervous and excited that I got out of there fast. I wish you'd do something. We can't just sit here after he said a thing like that."

Robell promised he'd do something about what was going on. It was Monday night, November 29, 1954. The Robells lived in Wauwatosa, a suburb of Milwaukee. Rayleine's father and stepmother lived in West Allis, another Milwaukee suburb.

Robell's father-in-law, Raymond Wilson, a short chunky man of 65, bald and puffy-faced, was weighing some hamburger meat when Robell called at the store the next day. It was a small grocery and meat market on Lincoln Avenue at Seventy-first Street, less than two miles from the Milwaukee city limits.

As usual, Wilson was pleasant and mild-mannered to his

by NATHANIEL PENNYPACKER

son-in-law. And, as usual, he had been drinking. And, as was very usual nowadays, he made a face and said that business was lousy.

"How's your wife?" Boh asked him. Wilson shook his head sadly. "Ethel is no more," he said. Then he hiccupped.

Boh asked him about the story he had told Rayleine. Wilson said it was true. "But you're not going to say anything about it, are you?" he asked. Boh said a fast goodbye and ran to a drugstore. He phoned Russell Wilson, 28, the butcher's son and Rayleine's brother. Russell said he would have a talk with his father right after work.

It was dark and the store was closed when Russell got there. He saw a light in the apartment in back, but nobody answered his knock. He pounded at the door and shouted for his father to open up. Nobody came.

Then Russell rushed home and phoned his father's place. He let the phone ring and ring, until, finally, his father answered it.

"Dad, where's Ethel?" Russell asked. "She's taken a trip," Wilson said, calmly. "Gone to Mexico for a vacation. With all this cold weather coming on, we figured a trip would do her good."

Russell asked his father about the story he had told Rayleine, about cutting up Ethel and tossing her in the furnace. Wilson chuckled. "Just a little joke," he said. "You don't mean that they took it serious. Why, if I'd have thought they'd have taken it like that, I never would have. . . ."

"But in her condition, how could Ethel go on a trip?" Russell demanded. "She can't even walk."

She had gone with two friends from Chicago, the butcher said. "Two aurses. . . . They'll take good care of her, so don't you worry. They left Monday afternoon in a car."

"But are you sure it's all right?" Russell asked. "A long motor trip like that."

His father's voice was reassuring. "Now don't worry about it. She's getting along just fine. Got a postcard from her today. She mailed it when they stopped in Memphis."

continued on next page

SAUSAGE

ing sausage; just making sausage."



"The bills mounted, my wife got worse. Finally I said to Ethel:

"Well, let's do something."



Wilson had a little joke about his wife's absence. "I cut her up and threw her in the furnace," he told a relative.

It was Wednesday, and it's a good 600-mile drive from Milwaukee to Memphis. Russell told his father he didn't see how they could have reached Memphis so quick for him to have received a postcard already.

And Raymond Wilsoo blew up now. He said he didn't like the tone of voice his son was using, questioning his father like that.

Russell demanded to know the names of the two nurses.

"I don't know their names," Wilson snapped and hung up.

Russell called his sister, Rayleice, and they talked it over. There hadn't been any trouble between their father and stepmother, as far as they knew. They both had liked Ethel, a sweet, good-natured, soft-spoken woman, two years older than their father. He had married her a year ago, shortly after the death of their mother.

The wedding had come as a surprise to Russell and Rayleice. Their mother had been dead a short time. But, they figured, their father was lonely—and when they saw Ethel, they were very pleased. True, she had suffered a stroke shortly before the marriage. But she

was able to get around and she seemed surprisingly active and gay, considering what she'd been through.

But a short time after the wedding Ethel fell and fractured her hip and her condition worsened. She became paralyzed on her left side and was confined to a wheelchair.

Russell and Rayleice, meanwhile, were deeply impressed at their father's thoughtfulness, by the way he cared for Ethel, wheeled her around, bathed and dressed her, did the cooking and housework, took her to the doctor's every few days—and, all the while, running the store and trying to keep ends meeting.

The morning after he'd talked to his father on the phone, Russell Wilson paid a call on the minister in Milwaukee who had married his father and Ethel. The minister said they hadn't been in to see him to discuss any difficulties, that as far as he knew the marriage was working out just fine.

Russell then went downtown to the office of the doctor who was treating Ethel and his father.

He asked first about Ethel's condition.

The doctor said it was unfortunate, but that the woman wasn't improving any. (Continued on page 60)



"I told her she should go to sleep and not wake up. She knew she would never get well and was perfectly willing."

In the District Attorney's office, Wilson rattled off the story of the murder. "She didn't know how I was go-



ing to do it . . . I went out and got the weapon . . ."



"She was such a burden . . . but I didn't sleep that night."



THE NANNIE DOSS STORY

by PAUL McCLUNG

WHAT'S MY LINE?



Arsenie Nannie willingly unfolded an amazing story for Commissioner Henderson, Captain Stige and Attorney Edmondson.

I am 49 years old and self-employed. I am a good cook and make an excellent cup of coffee.

I love loving and have had five husbands. Four of them are dead

TULSA, OKLA., DECEMBER 7, 1954

■ Arsenie Nannie is plump and comfortable-looking, 49, with remnants of young beauty still in her perfect skin, her narrow, flirtatious eyes, her sly grin that breaks into a giggle when she remembers what happened to some of her husbands. Nannie loves loving. She says her life has been a search for the perfect love. But she never found a lover who suited her perfectly. Six weeks after her fifth husband shuddered and died while doctors puzzled over his illness, Nannie became the most infamous widow in the world.

Her fifth, Samuel L. Doss, 52, worked for the Oklahoma

continued on next page



A giggle and a gentle remonstrance for photographers: "My last permanent was a bad one. I know I look a mess."



Confronted with evidence of a fourth husband, Nannie smirked: "I didn't want it known I'd been married to a man that old."

"I wouldn't poison my kin. I loved mother more than myself."

Highway Department. Nannie came to Oklahoma from North Carolina to marry him last July after an eight months' lonely hearts club correspondence.

His relatives frowned. "A woman doesn't travel 1500 miles to marry a working man, just because she likes his letters," they said.

Doss loved coffee and prunes, and Nannie gave him what he wanted. He became ill August 23—nausea, vomiting and abdominal pains. A Tulsa doctor treated him for virus. Several weeks later he was ill a second time, same symptoms. On October 9, he went to the hospital and he died the following day.

The doctor phoned Tulsa County Investigator J. Ross Billingsley. "I can't determine the cause of death," he said. "I'd like to have an autopsy performed."

Nannie herself readily gave permission.

"I want to find out what killed my husband because it might kill someone else," she said.

Dr. Leo Lowbeer, Tulsa pathologist, performed the autopsy without finding the cause of death. He sent the viscera to the state crime laboratory at Oklahoma City. Examination showed Doss "had enough arsenic in him to kill a horse."

County Investigator W. A. "Ace" Lang and Billingsley quietly put a check on Nannie's mail. She was getting letters addressed "Mrs. Nannie Morton" from people named Morton in Emporia, Kan. They asked Kansas officers to check the Mortons.

"Nannie never told us she'd married again," they said.

She'd married Richard L. Morton, Sr., in August, 1952, after a lonely heart correspondence. He died May 18, 1953. Cause of death had been given as heart failure, coronary occlusion.

The relatives said Nannie left Emporia ten days after Morton died. The following day Morton's pet dog was found dead in the empty house.

"Nannie, had you ever been married before you married Sam Doss?" the Tulsa officers asked.

She grinned. "Once. To Frank Harrelson in Alabama. He died in 1945. He was a drunkard."

"The autopsy showed Mr. Doss had arsenic in his body."

"I just can't understand that. My conscience is clear," Nannie said, lighting a cigaret.

They didn't tell Nannie they knew she'd married Morton. Not yet. They let her go free while they continued investigating her background. They investigated for six weeks. The third week, Nannie got a job as housekeeper for Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Kinder in Tulsa.

Detective Captain Harry Stege told them Nannie was a suspect in the poison death of her husband. The Kinders gasped.

"We'd like for you to keep her on if you want to take a chance," Stege said. "We could arrest her now but we'd like to get more evidence. We want to make it look like we aren't particularly interested. We don't have the right to ask you to keep her on. . ."

The Kinders hesitated. They had (Continued on page 90)



Nannie admitted she had a weakness for things romantic: "I'd kinda like to talk with that big sheriff from Kansas."



"My head is splitting. I've had migraine headaches all my life. I guess that's why I have to wear these glasses."



Charlie Bragg and his second wife. He was the only one of Nannie's husbands who lived through his marriage to Nan.



"I have to go upstairs and put on more lipstick. A photographer wants my picture and I might as well go first class."

BUT I THREW

THE WITCH OUT



Media: "She was always scheming something. She came up to me with a crooked plan once."

*First thing in the morning,
last thing at night, that's who
you'd see. The Witch. I
curse the day we ever got to
know her. She was bad.
I ordered her away from my wife.
I threw her out of the house*

"Don't worry, sweetie," Kireo told his wife.
"I'm with you all the way. I love you. . . ."



by EDWARD DeBLASIO



Patricia: "She was a good wife. All the time I was in the hospital she would be in the bedroom, praying in front of St. Anne for me."

BRONX, N. Y., DECEMBER 10, 1954

■ Fred Bezer blinked when he saw her coming towards him. Bezer, 34, a Bronx cabbie, had just quit work for the night and stopped at a tavern for a beer and a few minutes' peace and quiet. Now he was sitting on a stool far down the bar, licking the foam from the first sip from his lips, thinking about nothing in particular—and here she was, short, skinny, about 25 or 26, dressed in a funny getup, sucking in her already-bellow cheeks, headed for him, ready to introduce herself and then ask him if he would please bump off somebody for her.

"I mean it," she was saying 15 minutes later. She was an odd-looking one, all right, wearing gray man's-type slacks and brown man's-type jacket and with a black handana over her straight, shortish, light-red hair. And she talked in an odd fashion too.

"I mean it," she was saying as she sat there, next to him, ready to give a shot of bourbon a quick flip. "There's this brother-in-law of mine and he just gripes the hell out of me and I've been looking around for somebody to help me get rid of him."

"You drunk?" Bezer asked, finishing up his beer.

"No," the girl said, matter-of-factly. "You interested?"

"In what?" Bezer asked.

"In helping me take care of my brother-in-law!" the girl said. She picked up her bourbon and drank.

Bezer shook his head. "Nix," he said. He smiled a little, just to see what her reaction would be. She either busts out laughing now and tells me she's been pulling my leg, or she's on the level.

The girl didn't bust out laughing. "What's your name?" she asked and got up from her stool.

Bezer spelled out his name.

"What do you do for a living?"

Bezer told her.

"Hackie, hm?"

"Yeah," Bezer said.

"Well," She backed away from the stool and huttoned up her jacket. "See you," she said and turned and walked out of the tavern.

"And you think you meet all the characters in New York driving the crite around

continued on next page

"You ought to treat him nice."

He'll not be with us after the weekend. You'll look good in black."



He'll leave the apartment and walk down 135th, under the elevated. The dog will head for a certain El pillar and Riccio will whistle.



Referred to as a dupe in the plot, Media's sister, Ann Sabella (with attorney) was released on bond.



After first attack on Riccio's life he was rushed to hospital where two bullets were removed. Injuries left him with violent coughing spells.



"I need her. We all need her. I want Pat back with us. She was a good wife and a swell mother to our three kids." Pat also liked Brandy, the pet dog.



"This is the only red jacket in the house. It's Pat's. Doesn't fit me."



Assistant District Attorney Louis Silver questioned Media, announced that the plot was so diabolical that it soars beyond the imagination.

all day," Bezer mumbled as he signaled for the bartender. He asked for another beer and then he asked, "Who's the dame in the pants?"

The bartender laughed. "Name's Media," he said. "Media Rainey. Been in the jug. Spent eight months inside on a forgery rap. Real smart one. Real smart—she thinks."

"She always dresses like that?" Bezer asked.

The bartender laughed again. "Yeah," he said, "a real fashion plate. You know what she tells you when you ask her why she goes around in pants like that? It's because she's got a boyfriend in the jug, she says, and she wants to be faithful to him and doesn't want men chasing after her. With a face like that she's worried." The bartender began laughing all over again.

Three nights later Bezer dropped in at the tavern again. She was there, same outfit, same intense expression. Bezer wasn't too pleased when she came over and sat next to him again and started her wild talk. Finally—he couldn't keep it in any longer—he asked, "How's your brother-in-law doing?"

Media grabbed his arm. "You are interested," she said.

"I . . ." Bezer started to say. "Look," she cut in. "I got it all figured out." She explained that it wasn't her brother-in-law she had in mind, but another fellow, a man named Jimmy Riccio. She wanted him out of the way.

"Jimmy Riccio," Bezer said, nodding, as if it were the most natural thing on earth for him to say at that moment.

"Yeah," Media said. She reached for a cigaret. Bezer had been smoking and took a short nervous puff. "He's my girlfriend's husband." He was, she indicated, a most obnoxious creep, and both she and her girlfriend wanted him out of the way.

"You want him out of the way," Bezer said.

Media nodded. She had a plan worked out—a plan that not only got Riccio out of the way but left them all rich, her, Riccio's wife and Bezer, the cabbie. If he was willing.

"Uh-huh," Bezer said. Media took another puff on the cigaret, ordered another drink. Then she told Bezer her plan.

Riccio was a television fan, she said.

continues on next page



Brought face to face at headquarters, the girls stared, covered their faces.



As the blond woman he loves heads into the paddy wagon, Rico steps forward, calls out encouragement, but a Department of Corrections guard restrains him.



Into the clink, Media (in scarf) and the girl she wanted to protect.



Unable to raise the \$50,000 bail needed for his wife's release, Rico chats with reporters after visit to the woman he steadfastly believes is innocent.

"I've talked too much, but boys, there's one more thing—my wife

swears she's innocent."

Every night he'd start watching the set at about 9 o'clock and he wouldn't call it quits till after the 11 o'clock news broadcast, the five-minute summary that begins *And What Kind of Day Has It Been Today?* Then he'd turn off the set, put on his coat and go outside and walk his dog.

The walk was like a ritual, always the same, she said. Rico and the dog would leave their apartment at 383 East 135th Street and walk down 135th, between Willis and Alexander Avenues, under the Third Avenue Elevated Railway tracks. The dog would head right for a certain El pillar. There it would stop for anywhere from 45 seconds to a minute-and-a-half and Rico would begin to whistle.

Now, Media explained to Bezer, this was where he would come in. She'd already picked out the night, Friday, December 3, 1954, a little more than a week away. At about 11 o'clock that night, she said, Bezer would park his

cab a block away from the El pillar. He would already have tampered with the cab's brakes, fixed them so they wouldn't hold. He would sit there and wait for Rico and the dog to show.

At 11:09 or 11:10, Media went on, they would show, first coming down the street, then stopping beside the pillar. Bezer would start up his motor and begin cruising up the street, towards them. Just before he reached them, he would swing the cab toward the pillar and smash Jimmy Rico down, dead.

Bezer wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. This girl was loco.

Media had added a few embellishments to the plan. On this particular night some hamburger meat would be scattered at the foot of the pole to make certain the dog chose the right pillar and stayed around for awhile. And Rico would be wearing a red jacket so that he'd be easy to spot.

Bezer didn't say anything for a mo-

ment. Then he asked, "What do you want to see this guy dead for? Why are you going to all this trouble over a girlfriend's husband?"

For the first time since he'd met her, Media didn't have a snappy answer all ready for delivery. "Reasons," she said, finally.

"Reasons like the big dough you were telling me about?" Bezer asked.

The money, it was explained to Bezer, would come from the \$3000 insurance that Rico, as a veteran, would be getting automatically. Then Mrs. Rico would sue the cab company for letting a cab with faulty brakes be used. Since she had three children and no husband a jury would take one look at her and bingo, there would be 100,000 bucks more.

"And we split the pot," Media finished, tossing off a shot of rye at the same time.

"I'll see you here tomorrow night, same time," she said, got up and left.

Bezer sat sipping his drink, thinking. Then his eyes focused on a television set at the other end of the bar. One program had just ended and another was just beginning. A man's face appeared on the set. He was seated behind a long, immaculate desk. He looked up, right at Bezer, and he asked, "And what kind of day has it been today?"

Bezer shivered. Ten minutes later he was at police headquarters, telling his story about Media and her girlfriend and her girlfriend's husband to Detective John Halk.

Halk was frankly skeptical when Bezer first began to tell him about the manish-looking woman in the bar and the murder plot involving such unlikely props as hamburger meat and a red-plaid jacket—especially after Bezer had begun by telling him, just incidentally, that he was an amateur student of criminology and an avid crime novel reader.

But as (Continued on page 88)



"Put swore she's innocent. I know she's telling the truth. If not, she's the greatest actress in the world and Rita Hayworth better find another job."



You waken, fists clenched against the intolerable agony.



You take a cigaret. It brings on gagging and vomiting.



Sitting up is a symphony in pain and feverish shakes.



Your sweat mingles with tears as you try to coordinate.



Your breath is short gasps torn from a burning chest.



The pain is intense. You bite your tongue to keep from crying.



Chills grip you. You put on a shirt; continue to shudder in pain.



Retching grips you, hour after hour of spitting up blood.

This is COLD TURKEY

■ IT'S A PUFF from a cigaret, a shot in the arm, a draw off a pipe. It's dancing ladies and walking on air. It's money in the bank and you're cock of the walk. You're on dope, man. You're a main-liner. As long as you've got \$5 a shot, \$10 a shot, \$200 a week, nobody can touch you. You'll rob a bank, roll a drunk, murder your mother, anything to get enough to buy that envelope full of

powder. Then one day you're picked up. You're a dope addict, you're wanted; you're a criminal. You're in prison, or in a "quick cure" parlor. Maybe you've got enough in your poke to buy you a month's dreams, but you can't get at it. You're getting the Cold Turkey treatment. You had a shot yesterday and you'll never get another. Maybe you're curing yourself. For whatever reason

you're getting the Cold Turkey treatment, you're miserable, sick, you're going to die. Every bone in your body tells you you won't live to see tomorrow. This man, spending \$105 per day for dope, was arrested for shoplifting; consented to being photographed during withdrawal treatment, hoping that photos might prevent others from forming habit that made a criminal of him.

Exhausted, you fall back on the bed, burning with fever.



You may sleep awhile. You'll waken, start all over again.



PANIC IN HIGH GEAR



A sprung hood, a handful of hairs, and a fleck of paint helped to identify this car for Officers Purchip (standing) and Bennett.

You're driving along the highway. You're in a big hurry; you've had a couple of drinks. You don't see anything ahead of you, but suddenly there's a thump against the bumper. You look back. A body is rolling across the road like a tumbleweed, into the ditch. You've struck someone. Shall you go back? See how badly he's hurt? Get him to a hospital? You panic. Who'll ever know it was you? If he lives, there's no reason why you should suffer. And if he doesn't . . .

by HUGH COBURN

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1954

■ The Reverend Ernest Potter Rummels was a man capable of discussing his own death philosophically and dispassionately, if the occasion arose. At 60, he did not fear death.

Perhaps his train of thought that evening was directed by some deep-seated premonition, a subconscious clairvoyance that psychologists call extra-sensory perception. Maybe it was mere coincidence. No one knows, of course.

Whatever it was, Pastor Rummels and his old friend, James H. Jones, were talking about speeders and highway accidents as they drove west from Hayward toward the San Mateo Bay Bridge.

Jones and the minister were neighbors in San Francisco. They had been across the Bay to Hayward in Jones' pick-up truck to buy a hospital bed for Mrs. Rummels. The preacher's wife had suffered a paralytic stroke the week before. She was coming home from the hospital the next day.

Traffic was heavy and fast-moving on Jackson Street in Hayward at 7:30 P.M. It was a Thursday, October 28, 1954. Farther out on Bay Bridge Boulevard, the two-lane eastern approach to the span, most of the cars were traveling over 60. Jones kept to a steady 45, letting the other drivers pass him.

Pastor Rummels, a retired Episcopalian minister, remarked that modern highways were almost as dangerous as the front lines in World War I.



"I thought I might be stopped any time. I thought of giving up the next day. I couldn't get the courage. I was afraid."

He spoke with authority. He held the Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star for gallantry as a medical officer in the Second Battle of the Marne. He had served as an army chaplain in the Pacific in World War II.

Jones agreed that a man was risking his neck wherever he drove nowadays. "The speeders are the worst," he said. "It wouldn't be so bad if they could be controlled."

The minister nodded. "I've been reading about this new radar system for checking speeders. A lot of people don't like the idea. They think it's a trap."

"It would suit me fine," Jones said. "I'd vote for it."

"Yes, I would, too. I think it might save some lives."

Reverend Rummels asked Jones to stop at a roadside flower stand about two miles from the bridge. "I want to get a dozen roses for Constance," he said. "She loves them. It would cheer her up to have roses by the bed when she gets home."

The two men parked on the north side of the highway and crossed the pavement to the little open-air florist's shop. There was no signal light there, no pedestrian walkway.

After choosing a bouquet, they paused at the edge of the pavement for a break in the traffic. When it came, Jones walked first and Reverend Rummels followed a couple of steps behind. The nearest car was a distant pair of headlights on their right.

continued on next page



Inspectors Hopkins and Herrier and Sergeant Marchand inspect the coat from which were taken several flaky specks.



Pails of fresh-cut flowers are dwarfed by the huge warning sign at roadside stand: "Look Before Crossing Street."

The scream of rubber, a thud like the bursting of a sack of grain

As Jones reached the shoulder on the north side, he was suddenly bathed in a glare of light.

He lunged forward, sensing rather than bearing the terrifying roar of a motor, the shrill scream of tortured rubber and a muffled thud like the bursting of a sack of grain.

As Jones turned, tail-lights were disappearing, and a rag-doll figure was bouncing and tumbling along the highway. The shattered bulk of the Reverend Runnells rolled to a stop in a drain ditch, 98 feet from where he had been struck.

One of his shoes lay in the highway at the point where the car had lifted him off the pavement. The laces were still tied.

The call came into the Hayward Police Department at 7:50 p.m. Art Lewis, the desk clerk, flashed the word to Sergeant George Kelly and Patrolman Stuart Watts, who were out on radio patrol duty.

"It's a hit-run fatal," he said, "just inside the city limits, on account of that sewer annexation."

Kelly and Watts found the usual traffic snarl and crowd of curious bystand-

ers at the scene. An ambulance crew, who had arrived ahead of them, reported that the minister had been killed instantly.

"Smashed up something awful," an intern said. "Pretty near every bone in his body broken."

The minister's companion explained how the accident had happened.

"What kind of a car was it?" Kelly asked.

Jones shook his head. "I don't know. I never saw it, except the tail-lights going away. It was a new car, a big heavy car." He sighed. "And it was going too fast. Too fast."

"I'll say it was," Watts said. He had just measured the distance from point of impact to the preacher's body. "A car would have to be doing 75 or better to throw a man that far."

Two motorists in the crowd offered tips. Both had come from the San Mateo Bridge. They told of being forced off the road by a big new sedan traveling toward the bridge. It was speeding and weaving across the center line, they said. One man thought it was a Buick; the other said it was a Pontiac or an Oldsmobile.

While the officers were taking down this information, a truck driver shouldered through the bystanders. "I think I saw the car you're looking for," he said, "back there on the bridge."

"What makes you think so?" Kelly asked.

"This guy was acting crazy. First time I ever seen a car make a U-turn on the bridge."

"That could be our man, Sarge," Watts said. "He'd make a U-turn, even on that two-lane bridge, if he was scared to go through the toll gate at the far end."

"That's the way it struck me," the truck driver said. "I was going this way and this car coming toward me, all of a sudden it stops and swings around right in front of me. I had to slow down to keep from hitting him. Then he took off like a bullet toward Hayward."

"My God, he must have come right back past here," Watts said.

"Not necessarily," Kelly said. "He could have turned off at Clawiter Road between here and the bridge." He spoke to the trucker again. "What kind of car was it?"

"I think it was a Buick, late-model.

A sedan, and it was painted a light color."

"See any sign of damage?"

"No, I couldn't tell. I wasn't looking for that. It was too dark, anyway."

That was all they had to go on at the start.

A hands-and-knees search of the pavement produced no physical evidence whatsoever. Hit-run cases have been solved with a glass fragment from a broken headlamp, or a long, clear skidmark. Here, however, there was nothing. The driver had applied his brakes for no more than a wink of an eye. The victim apparently had been struck dead-center with the bumper and grill.

POLICE Chief George Forth, a lanky man with close-cropped gray hair, listened calmly to this unencouraging summary next morning. He polices a city of 25,000 with 36 officers; he has had no unsolved capital crimes in 11 years as chief.

"You got the victim's clothing?" he asked.

"Coroner's office has."

"Go pick them up. Take everything out to Kirk at the university. He'll probably tell us everything about that car but the driver's phone number."

Dr. Paul L. Kirk is a biochemist in the criminology laboratory at the University of California in Berkeley. With microscope, test tube and retort he has guided detectives to a solution in scores of murder cases. He is one of the famous "crime doctors" in the field pioneered by the late Dr. Edward O. Heinrich.

This job was duck soup for Kirk. He spread the minister's coat and trousers out on a bench in his lab. Then he went to work with a magnifying glass under strong light.

From the back of the coat he removed several small flaky specks with an eyebrow tweezers. These he deposited on a sheet of clean white paper. He found more of these curious particles in the preacher's shoes.

Then he took from a shelf a booklet called the *Auto Color Bulletin*, an annual publication of the DuPont Company. This valuable handbook is prepared chiefly for auto painters, refinishers and repairmen. It contains samples of every shade of auto body paint used by every car manufacturer in America.

Kirk had no trouble at all matching the tiny flakes of paint from Pastor Rannels' clothing with a sample in the *Bulletin*.

"The car was Jordan Gray," he told Chief Forth. (Continued on page 20)



The victim, Reverend Ernest Rannels, had been an army chaplain.



Dr. Kirk: "Car was Jordan Gray; a color used by Buick in 1953."

Released on \$3000 bail, but also faced with \$100,000 civil damage, suit.



THE CAT BOY

HE WAS MY ONLY FRIEND

by RUPERT TONE

The ingredients for tragedy were there: A good boy, a homeless boy and a stolen gun

BRONX, N. Y., DECEMBER 2, 1954

■ The woman was frightened. She'd dropped a cup she'd been drying when she heard the first shot and she stood silent by the sink now as she listened to the three shots which followed. They came from the backyard, from just under her kitchen window. They came loud and fast and after they had ended a voice groaned out "God!" and a pair of swift feet scampered across the yard and a garbage can top crashed to the pavement sending its clean metallic overtones shivering against the sooted sides of the tenement buildings. And then there was silence.

The woman listened to the silence for a moment. Then she rushed to her door. "You heard it?" she said to a man, a neighbor, who was standing in the hallway. "The gun! You heard it?"

The man nodded.

"I think somebody's hurt," the woman said, putting her hands together and remembering the groan.

The man nodded again. He was just about to say something when he heard a voice call out, "What's wrong down there?" It was an old lady's voice and it came from a third- or fourth-floor window that overlooked the pitch-black backyard. "What's wrong?" the old lady called again. And then another window opened and another and scared silhouettes began to question one another and sounds of "Four shots . . . Yeah, four!" and "Anybody hurt down there?" and "I swear I thought it was the TV!" and "Honey, are all your kids upstairs safe?" filled the yard like a dark, nervous fugue.

"Let me get a flashlight," the man in the hallway said to the woman. He went back into his apartment and came back out carrying the flash, that he'd already snapped on. Then

he signaled the woman to follow him and they walked down the narrow, dull, green-walled passageway to the door leading to the backyard. They still had a few yards to go when the light from the flash caught the legs, lying on the floor, half in the door, half out.

The woman let out a sharp scream.

The voices in the alleyway snapped off.

The woman who'd screamed stopped and held herself steady against the wall.

The man with the flashlight took a few steps forward, past the legs and out onto the wooden staircase which led down from the building into the yard. He ran his light along the form lying at his feet—from the legs, covered in white-stained blue jeans, to the waist, covered in a black leather jacket, to the face, covered in pale white and blood.

"Nicky!" a voice from one of the windows above shouted. "Nicky!"

"Call the police," another voice screamed. "Somebody call the police and tell them they've killed Nicky Sochemaro. For God's sake, call the police!"

Police from the Bronx, N. Y., Forty-first Squad got to the scene a few minutes later that night, Friday, November 26, 1954. Several of them began an immediate, guns-cocked search of the yards and cellars of all the buildings around. Others stood aside, drawing up the strategy they would use in questioning the dozens of people whose windows looked down onto the backyard and who might have seen or heard something besides the shots.

Still another detective knelt beside a medical examiner who had just arrived and who looked over the body and said that a bullet from a small caliber gun had entered

continued on next page

"Call the police and tell them somebody has killed Nicky Sochemaro."





Detective: "The East Bronx is full of bad kids and good kids. I only meet the bad ones. I never met this boy."



Larry Sochemaro (right) with his friend Sam Lopez. They leaped off a bus, grabbed a boy a city hunted.

"I didn't mean to do that to

the right side of Nicky Sochemaro's forehead and lodged in his brain.

"Doesn't look like there'd been any struggle before he got it," the doctor said.

The detective said yeah and then he felt the pockets of the victim's jeans. He pulled out a wallet. There was \$4 in it. He shook his head. "No struggle . . . no robbery." He shrugged and then he reached over and pushed back a long lock of hair that had fallen down over the dead boy's face. "Something tells me," he said, softly, "that this isn't going to be an easy one to figure."

"Think it's a gang?" the doctor asked.

"In this neighborhood it could be," the detective said.

"Recognize this kid?"

The detective shook his head. "The East Bronx," he said, "is full of a lot of bad kids and a lot of good ones. I only get to meet the bad ones."

This was the first of the long line of eulogies a thin, short, dark-haired boy of 16 was to receive almost the minute after he'd been shot to death. It was an indirect tribute—this business about "I only get to meet the bad boys"—but it summed up Nicky Sochemaro just about as much as did the more intimate and fearful tributes that came from people who'd known the boy.

"He'd help so nicely," one old Jewish woman told detectives later. "Every time I'd go shopping and had to carry bags and Nicky saw me he'd rush over and say, 'I can carry those for you, Mrs.' And he wouldn't carry them just to the front door downstairs. He'd carry them up here, all the way up the four flights of stairs. And once, last holiday, when I wanted to give him a dollar for helping me so nicely every time, he shook his head and said no."

Another woman, a tiny, middle-aged Puerto Rican, told detectives: "Nicky is one of the only boys around here who I never saw running around with the gangs. Once, it was a summer night, and he was sitting on one side of the stoop and I was sitting on the other and a gang, about 20 of them, passed by, loud, headed for the park. I looked at Nicky and I said, 'Nicky, you don't belong to no gang, huh?' And he said to me, 'Gangs is only trouble and if I want to be something in a couple of years, I gotta stay out of trouble.'"

DOWN on the corner of the block where Nicky lived, in the big old candy store where he used to hang out, two of his friends told about how Nicky had been studying to be an auto mechanic, how he'd been saving to buy a jalopy someday, how he took all sorts of odd jobs after school and put the few cents he made into his bank account, waiting for the day when he could buy his crate and take it apart and then put it together again and study it and know it and become a master in the work that intrigued him so much.

"He was good in school, boy!" one of the fellows said. He pointed to his friend. "He got better marks in everything than him and me put together!"

"Yeah," the other boy said, his voice choked. "Yeah!"

At Nicky's home, a ground-floor apartment in a Charlotte Street building, just three doors down the street from the building where the boy had been murdered, two detectives talked to his stunned family—his father, Spiro, a house-painter; his mother, Elizabeth; his sisters, Mrs. Gloria Tucker, 20, Antoinette, 19, Nadia, 15, and Maria, nine, and to his brother, Larry, 18.

Nicky. I met him on the street and told him I had a gun I stole."

It was Mrs. Tucker, a short, pretty, blonde-haired girl, who had seen her kid brother last.

Nicky, she sobbed, had been at her house, a few blocks away, that afternoon. She'd had some shopping to do and had asked him if he'd come over right after school and take care of her baby for a few hours. Nicky came and had a cup of coffee with Gloria. Then she left. She was gone until a few minutes after 6:30. "I asked him if he wanted to stay and have supper with us," she said, "but he said no thanks, Sis, not tonight. He said he thought Mamma would be waiting for him and he didn't want to keep her waiting."

"And then he left?" a detective asked.

"And then he left," the girl said and began to cry again.

Nicky, then, had left his sister's at 6:30 and had been killed half an hour later. He'd been on his way home, that was for sure. What was for sure, however, was:

Who had lured him into the backyard where he was to be murdered?

Why had he gone?

Or—had he actually met anyone at all and not just happened to be in that dark backyard at the same time some maniac stranger with a gun happened to be there?

And if so, again, why?

The police sifted through the plethora of theories that follow any murder and chose to concentrate on two.



"Gangs is only trouble and if I want to amount to something, I've got to stay out of trouble."

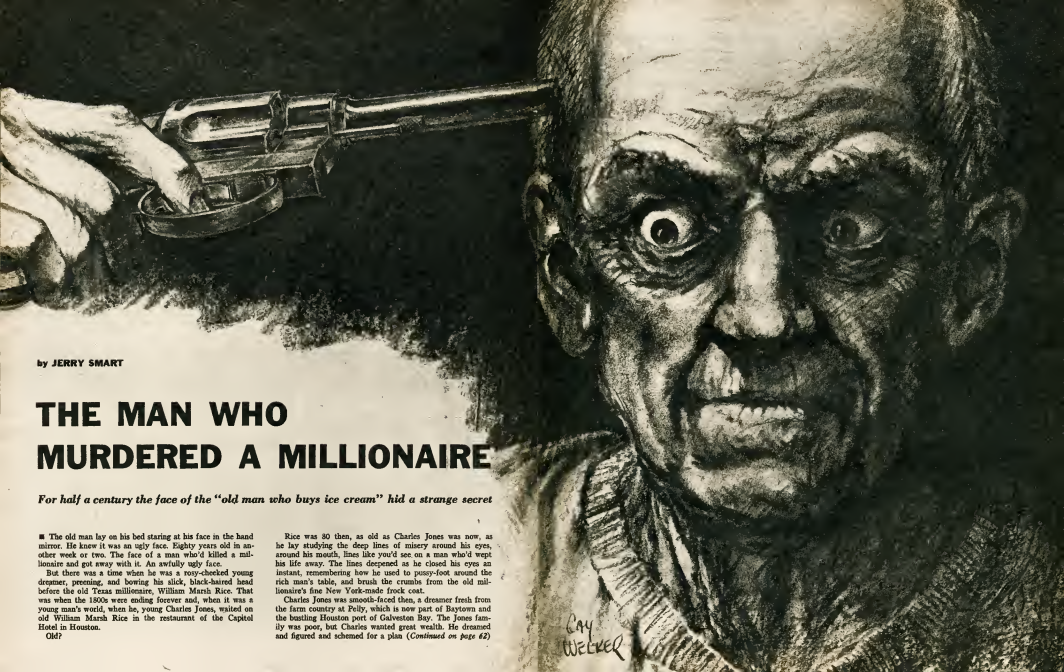
The first was that the killing was a case of mistaken identity, that someone had hidden in the shadows of the alley that night waiting for an expected victim to come along, that Nicky had for some reason happened to show and that the killer had fired, thinking he was getting the right man.

The pros for this argument as expressed by one detective were: "The guys around here are tough. They get tougher by the week. So do the grudges and the ways of dealing with grudges. First it's a beating over in Crotona Park. Then it's a murder. . . . It just happens that in this case, though, I feel the fellow who got murdered wasn't the fellow the killer had intended to get."

The second theory was that the killing was accidental. "It's as simple as that," another detective said. "Aside from the possible gang-revenge and mistaken-identity angles, there is absolutely no motive behind this whole thing. Nicky Sochemaro was one of these people you read about every once in a while, people who don't have an enemy in the world. In fact, this boy was friendly with everybody. And it's just possible that he met a friend of his on his way home from his sister's, that the friend had a gun he'd just gotten hold of, fished probably, that he'd persuaded Nicky to step into the backyard while he tried it out, that after three aimless shots it went off again and killed the boy. . . . It's only a hunch, but in this case I think it's (Continued on page 49)



His son identified as the victim, a grieving father (far right) returns home with friends and relatives who couldn't believe it was Nicky.



by JERRY SMART

THE MAN WHO MURDERED A MILLIONAIRE

For half a century the face of the "old man who buys ice cream" hid a strange secret

■ The old man lay on his bed staring at his face in the hand mirror. He knew it was an ugly face. Eighty years old in another week or two. The face of a man who'd killed a millionaire and got away with it. An awfully ugly face.

But there was a time when he was a rosy-cheeked young dregmer, preening, and bowing his slick, black-haired head before the old Texas millionaire, William Marsh Rice. That was when the 1800s were ending forever and, when it was a young man's world, when he, young Charles Jones, waited on old William Marsh Rice in the restaurant of the Capitol Hotel in Houston.

Old?

Rice was 80 then, as old as Charles Jones was now, as he lay studying the deep lines of misery around his eyes, around his mouth, lines like you'd see on a man who'd wept his life away. The lines deepened as he closed his eyes an instant, remembering how he used to pussy-foot around the rich man's table, and brush the crumbs from the old millionaire's fine New York-made frock coat.

Charles Jones was smooth-faced then, a dreamer fresh from the farm country at Polk, which is now part of Baytown and the bustling Houston port of Galveston Bay. The Jones family was poor, but Charles wanted great wealth. He dreamed and figured and schemed for a plan (Continued on page 62)

Ray
Walker

SHE'S CRAZY

That's what the man said. But if you had asked Margie—the "refined" gyp-joint singer, the blonde 19-year-old object of badman Charlie Shader's dubious affections—about the matter, she'd have told you to put the accent on the c-r-a-z-y!



Big Ed Schimmel holds rifle while fellow detective, Walter Storms, puts the feel on one of the hundreds of men who happened to frequent escaped killer's neighborhood haunts.

by HARRISON T. CARTER

FOR ME



■ The scream that cut through the curtain of fog on the edge of Chicago's Chinatown was so shrill that it could be traced like a beacon to the dark alley at Cermak Road and Westworth Avenue.

Before it was heard a second time, Detective Walter Storms already had leaped from the squad car and was moving through the yellowish vapor to the chase between two dilapidated tenements.

His driver, Edward "Big Ed" Schimmel, giant of the force, swung the police car in a tight circle on the damp cobblestones and played the headlights down the passageway through which Storms had gone.

He could see the shadowy outline of three people, one a woman who appeared to be struggling wildly against two men.

It was a woman's shriek that Storms and he had heard, but now one of the men had his hand clamped over her mouth.

Storms charged towards the battling trio. One of the hoodlums, a big ape of a man, raised a revolver and fired. As the bullet whizzed past his head, Storms dived behind a garage-filled oil drum. He didn't want to hit the woman and held his fire.

Big Ed Schimmel, meanwhile, stepped hard on the accelerator and sent the squad car careening into the alley. With his left hand (Continued on page 70)

Mustachioed murderer—and Storms, who rushed from painting a house to an auto accessories store and made a big thing about a wrench that never was.



He knew cold, but the and fear for three days, begged for the death.

When there is a potential killer on the loose you pay a hired hunter to find him. That hunter is your cop. His job may cost him his life. It cost the life of Robert Crosby. And then the cry went out . . .

GET THE MAN WHO GOT CROSBY

by CALVIN C. DEWEY

■ You pay your hired hunter to do your dirty work for you. You curse him, call him overpaid, snarl every time you hand over a penny of his salary. He's a cop. He keeps you alive.

The murderer your cop stalks is as blood thirsty as a killer lion. The killer moves by night. Once he's tasted blood, nothing stands between him and you except your cop. A hunted man hates cops. He shoots to kill while the best policemen dodge and plot and trap to take him alive and put him in a cage.

The first shot Deputy Sheriff Jimmy Scarborough fired was the instinctive, well-aimed blast of self-defense. Then he remembered the thin young face, wide-eyed and scared, the face of a kid who sat beside the driver of the battered Chevrolet. His training slogan rushed back to him.

Don't kill if you can help it.

He stood on the darkening highway, blood dripping from his right elbow. But his hand was steady as he lowered the barrel of his smoking .45 and fired at the gas tank and tires of the Chevrolet. Gears ground and roared away. He emptied his gun at the bolting, disappearing taillights. The car escaped, and the killer was riding in it.

This was the Beaumont Highway, a few miles east of Houston, 9:30 p.m., Saturday, November 27. Deputy Scarborough was on his motorcycle, riding in to begin his night duty when the black '46 Chevrolet scooted up behind him, roared, screeched its brakes, let him pull ahead, then started its game again. Scarborough, a 46-year-old veteran officer, let the driver behind him do it two more times. Every time

it was a little closer, as if they were playing to see how close they could get to the cycle's rear fender without barreling over it.

Scarborough skidded off the pavement and waited until the Chevy passed him. In the darkness and quick flashes of headlights, he couldn't see the occupants. He pulled back on the highway and watched the car ahead of him shoot down the highway. It passed another car, forcing an oncoming car to the ditch. It teetered back and forth from one side of the pavement to the other. Scarborough turned on his motorcycle blinker and sped after it.

He caught it, and saw it stop on the shoulder. He parked his cycle and walked toward the driver's door. The driver had opened his door and twisted around to look back at him.

He was a dark, good-looking man with a wisp of hair hanging over his eyes. Scarborough glimpsed a young, scared face peering back from the seat beside the driver. It looked, in the half-light, like the face of a teenage boy. A drunk with a kid, the officer guessed.

"Say, friend," Scarborough drawled, "You've driven about far enough for the condition you're in."

The man slid out of the car without a word. Scarborough saw a nickel-plated pistol gleaming in his hand. He dodged at the same time the gun leaped. Scarborough's shooting arm turned about the elbow, and the officer dived for cover behind the car as he pulled his own .45.

The driver was slamming the door and roaring the motor when Scarborough fired the first shot, the one he aimed at the

continued on next page



Archie Lee, in custody of Detectives W. C. Doss and Breek Porter, told of cruising through pipeyards in search of wounded brother while cops hunted him.



Doyle Doolin: One bullet nicked his cheek; another killed his partner.



Robert Crosby: Top grades in training class at 26; murdered when he was 27.

"Prison is the worst. I'd rather go to the chair than get life"

silhouetted back of the driver, firing through the rear window.

Then he remembered the kid, and he shot at the tires and gas tank while the car got away.

Another car stopped beside him. The driver saw the blood soaking Scarborough's right shirt sleeve. "Get in, Officer. I'll take you to a doctor."

Scarborough shook his head as he jumped in beside the driver. "No, see if you can catch him."

But the Chevy had had a head start, and they couldn't find it.

Scarborough stopped at the hospital in a nearby Houston suburb, and had his arm treated. The bullet had missed the bone by a fraction of an inch.

A few minutes before Scarborough was wounded, the Chevrolet had slipped away—from Highway Patrolmen Crosby and Doolin. State Patrolman Robert James Crosby was a gangly, freckled 27-year-old who'd made top grades in his training

class a year before. He drove the patrol car. His partner, Doyle Doolin, was a round-faced, good-natured patrolman, as jovial as Crosby was serious. They were buddies, opposite in build and disposition, which made them admirers of each other and close friends. They'd spotted the speeding, battered black Chevrolet several minutes before Scarborough's run-in with it. The patrolmen had chased it with sirens wailing through Houston traffic to the city limits, and they'd lost it when it turned off on a side street.

Crosby and Doolin headed out the highway at top speed, still thinking they'd overtake the Chevy. While they were searching for it, Scarborough was fighting his gun battle on the edge of the city. When the patrolmen realized their quarry had slipped away, they doubled back, unaware that the deputy had been shot. Inside the city limits, they still found no trace of the car. So they doubled back again, out the Beaumont Highway.

They met the Chevrolet, fresh from its battle, speeding

toward the heart of the city. The patrolmen wheeled and took after the older car. Crosby switched on the siren and blinker and the two cars darted in and around traffic. Crosby was right on the Chevy's bumper when the two cars came to the intersection with Highway 73.

The light was red, but the officers' siren warned Highway 73 traffic not to cross while the two vehicles raced through the light. As Crosby started to pull around the Chevy and force it to the curb, the older car's brakes screamed and it lurched to the right, tearing at a right-angle off the road into a driveway. The driver must have thought he was turning into a side road, but the driveway ended in a pile of fresh dirt. The Chevy jerked to a stop in the dirt.

Crosby had rammed his brakes on as soon as the other car turned, and he pulled up behind it, stopping ten feet away. Together, the partners grabbed their door handles and started out when the air exploded around them.

Shotgun pellets and bullets hit the windshield like the spatter of hail. Doolin felt the sharp sting on his left cheek as he dived behind his half-open door, drawing his service revolver. He peeped around the door and fired at the Chevy. Two or three shadowy figures jumped from the Chevy and raced over the pile of dirt. They disappeared behind it. Doolin dabbed at his bloody cheek and turned to Crosby.

THE patrolman was crumpled over the steering wheel, his blood running from his face and head, making streaks down his freckled cheeks and dripping onto the steering wheel. Doolin grabbed the radio microphone and called headquarters for help.

Within minutes, 12 patrol cars were circling the area. Officers on foot trudged in the darkness of the vacant lot behind the pile of dirt. Doolin bent over his partner while Dr. L. Rohr, who'd heard the shots as he drove past, assured the officer that his buddy was still alive. An ambulance whined into the driveway, and Dr. Rohr helped the attendants load Crosby into it. He rode beside the officer as they sped to Jefferson Davis Hospital in Houston. He gave first-aid treatment, struggling against death, while Crosby's pulse flickered more and more faintly.

Emergency hospital workers scurried to get his stretcher inside. Doctors hovered over him and nurses quickly obeyed their calm instructions. But there wasn't time to save Patrolman Crosby. He died before they could finish examining him. Half an hour after the officer wheeled his patrol car into the driveway behind the killer, other patrolmen had to tell Crosby's wife of five years that she was a widow.

Crosby died at 10:17 P.M. At 11:25 his widow, Jo Evelyn, was admitted in the emergency room of the same hospital. She was hysterical. They gave her a sedative and she went to sleep in the same room where her husband had died.

Meanwhile, Deputy Scarborough left the suburban hospital as soon as they'd finished treating his wounded right arm. The arm was in a sling, and pain burned through his shoulder whenever he moved it. But he was still a hunter. The killer had tasted blood, and a cop gets paid to track him down before he begins shooting at other citizens.

Scarborough picked up his motorcycle and reported in at the sheriff's office.

He followed other officers to the highway intersection where Crosby had been shot. Patrolman Doolin was still there, helping in the search for clues.

He'd stopped long enough to paste a bandaid over the bloody smear on his cheek where a shotgun pellet had torn through his skin. The windshield of the patrol car was peppered with holes. They were made by shotgun charges and by a high-powered rifle. More holes were (Continued on page 74)



Assistant Police Chief Buddy McGill and Ranger John Klegenhaven confer on tactics on night of shooting.



"I shot the officer, but I can't tell you why I did it. I was drunk and crazy. I'll plead guilty."

His brother thought this bullet wound in the shoulder was going to cost the fugitive Merle his life.



Presenting Stevie, the blond carnival barker.

*He doesn't dance, he doesn't sing—but man, can he squeeze
them triggers. He's the catch of the season,
wanted by the FBI, from the top of his head to the
tips of his toes. He's hot, hot, hot. . .*

STEP RIGHT UP, SUCKER



Undersecretary William Martin reads confession back to suspect, center, Turnkey George Parazalder watches.

by EDDIE KRELL

FIFIELD, WIS., NOVEMBER 29, 1954

■ The three girls on the platform swayed their hips and attempted delicate symbolisms with their dirty-nailed hands and wore grass skirts and paper gardenias in their hair and, still, they looked more Chicago than Waikiki.

But the boys standing out in front of the bur-lee-que tent didn't seem to mind. This is what they'd come to the carnival for. And, just in case it wasn't—exactly—a young barker stood at the far end of the platform and let them know in no whispered or uncertain terms that they'd be crazy if they didn't cough up four bits and get a load of the *real* show on the inside.

"Just look at these dolls, fellows," the barker said, grinning. "Hot Hawaiian hula beauties every one of them . . . from the tips of their lovely toes to the tops of their gorgeous heads!"

When he was finished with his spiel, most of the men dug into their pockets, a few walked away—and one approached the platform.

"Hey, man," he said to the barker, smiling a little. "Don't I know you from somewhere?"

The barker's (Continued on page 81)



The barker: On his arm a tattoo, in his heart an indelible secret.

Me, I'm Making Sausage

continued from page 29

The stroke had been bad enough, he said, but then when she broke her hip she got much worse. And, added to all this, the poor woman had severe cataracts in her eyes.

Russell asked about his father next. The doctor told him that Wilson was in a state of depression and might well have a nervous breakdown soon. As he talked, he sensed that young Wilson had something on his mind and asked him about it.

Russell breathed in deeply and then told the doctor the wild story his father had told Rayline and her husband.

The doctor looked alarmed. "What did the police say?" he asked.

Russell said he hadn't gone to the police yet.

If he didn't call the police immediately, the doctor said, he would.

Russell assured him that he would take care of it.

At 8 o'clock that night Russell and his brother-in-law, Bob Robell, walked into the West Allis police station.

They told their story to Detectives Raymond Slowey and Frank Mejchar. Then they filled in with some background material on Raymond Wilson.

This was his third marriage, they said. He had two other children by his first wife, whom he'd divorced in about 1920. He'd then married Russell and Rayline's mother, and she'd died from a heart attack in August, 1953.

Wilson had been lonely when his second wife died. He visited friends in Union Grove, Wis., and through them was introduced to Mrs. Ethel Miller, a widow. They seemed to have a common ground for companionship, and a month after they met, they married. That was in December, 1953. Wilson didn't tell his children about it until a month later.

They started their married life on a farm near Racine, a farm that had been left to Ethel. After she broke her hip and her condition worsened, they figured it would be best if they lived in town, where Ethel would be near doctors and hospitals.

WILSON who had operated several grocery and butcher shops, bought the store he presently owned about two months ago.

"It's a small store," Russell said, "with three rooms in the back. He and Ethel figured it would make them a living, and with dad's experience as a butcher, he'd be able to operate it himself."

One of the uniformed patrolmen in the police station, who'd dropped into the room and listened to the conversation, broke in. "That must be the place where Marx and I went Monday night," he said. "A small grocery and butcher shop on the corner of West Lincoln and Seventy-first? Sure, that's it."

"What happened over there?" Slowey asked. "Was he fighting with his wife?"

"No, nothing like that," the patrolman, Ernest Kraker, said. "In fact, there was really no trouble at all."

He explained that he and Patrolman Frank Marx were on patrol Monday night when they

saw a lot of sparks shooting out from a chimney. "We were afraid they might start a fire. They were coming from that building on the corner, with the grocery on the first floor and that big apartment on the second."

He and his partner first talked to the landlord of the building, who occupied the upstairs. The landlord said he couldn't understand the reason for the sparks, that he had only a small fire going. They went down into the basement to look at his furnace. He was right.

"Then we heard somebody moving around on the other side of the basement. We went over there and it was the guy who operates the store. He was standing by his furnace and man, he really had a fire going! It was banked high with coal. He told us he was burning some boxes and trash from his store."

The men in the room felt their stomachs tighten as Kraker described the fire and went on talking.

"He had blood all over him. He wore one of them butcher aprons. That was covered with blood. And his hands were bloody. I remember he saw us looking at all the blood and he smiled and said he was making sausage. 'Just making sausage,' he said. 'I didn't think butcher's got that bloody making sausage.'"

Kraker said they warned him about the sparks from the chimney and that he said all right, he would watch it. "And then we left," the patrolman said. "That's all there was to it."

Fifteen minutes later Detectives Slowey and Mejchar and Patrolmen Kraker and Raymond Kirschnick were at the side door that led to the small apartment in back of Wilson's store. Through the door window they could see the kitchen and a short, squat man was on his hands and knees scrubbing the floor.

When Wilson opened the door, he recognized Kraker.

"We're checking that furnace again," Kraker told him with a broad, forced grin. "Just want to make sure everything's all right."

"Oh, I've been very careful," Wilson said. His voice was calm.

"That's fine," Slowey told him. "We'll just take a look. Routine, you know."

"Certainly," Wilson said, nodding. "Just come this way. We have to go through here to get to the basement stairs."

The officers looked around the apartment casually as they went through, very casually. Everything appeared in order—except in the bathroom. They saw some blood spots around the bathtub and asked Wilson if he had injured himself.

"Oh, no," the old man said. "I'm a butcher. Get some blood on me when I work. I guess I'm not too neat in the bathroom."

"Nice place you've got," Mejchar said. "You live alone?"

He lived here with his wife, Ethel, Wilson said. "But she's away now. On a trip south. Sure wish I could take a trip like that this time of the year."

"This her room?" Slowey asked, as they walked down the hall. It was obviously a woman's room, furnished with lace curtains and a pink colorful bedspread and tiny bottles and tubes of cosmetics on a small dresser.

Wilson said it was his wife's room, that he slept in another room. His wife was ill, he explained.

The detectives nodded. Then they walked into the room, poking around as if they were

suddenly rabidly interested in interior decorating. They looked in the closet. It was filled with women's clothing. Every banner had something on it. "Took a trip!" one of the officers whispered to another.

"Nice room," Slowey said to Wilson, who looked on quietly. "Your wife certainly has fine taste."

They went back into the hall, looked briefly in Wilson's room, then went down the stairs.

There was a slow fire going in the furnace. The basement looked in order. The detectives bent down and pulled out the ashpit from under the furnace, the two patrolmen giving them a hand.

"What'd you do that for?" Wilson asked.

SLOWEY started to tell him it was just a routine check, in connection with the sparks.

But then he saw something in the ashes and stopped talking and picked it up. It was a piece of a denture plate, containing a couple of false teeth. He asked Wilson how it had gotten in the furnace.

Wilson's mouth had a natural downward curve. It seemed an effort for him to turn the corners up to a feeble smile. "They're mine," he said. "I threw them away. Kept slipping on me. No good at all."

"How about the pair you got in now, they okay?" Mejchar asked.

"These are fine," Wilson said. "Got them last week, and threw the others in the furnace."

The detectives resumed their search of the ashes, saying nothing. The two patrolmen flanked Wilson, who looked on. The detectives had gone through a top layer of ashes, when Mejchar found a piece of bone that looked like it might be part of a joint.

"What's this?" he asked, holding it up.

Before Wilson could answer, Slowey found a few more bone pieces, cracked and charred, none of them big enough to distinguish.

Wilson appeared undisturbed. "From my butcher shop," he said. "Sometimes I toss the bones in the furnace, get them out of the way."

The shadows of the furnace flames danced on the butcher's puffy face. He had a big pudgy nose, small dark eyes and big ears. He had a short chin and wide jaws, and with the hair gone from the top of his head, his face looked as round as a half dollar. And it showed just about as much expression as he continued to watch the detectives picking through the ashes.

Fifteen minutes of searching the ash pit netted several more pieces of a denture plate and a small pile of bones. The biggest piece was about two inches long. There were several chunks with smooth round surfaces.

Slowey pointed these pieces out to Mejchar, as they knelt by the ashpit, a few feet from where the furnace roared.

"Look like parts of a skull," Slowey said. Mejchar agreed. Wilson stood by quietly, still not saying a word.

The detectives placed the bonepieces with the rest in the pile, got up and brushed the ashes from their bands.

"Ready to tell us what happened to your wife?" Slowey asked Wilson.

Wilson talked. "I told you, she's on a trip," he said. "Those are animal bones. Surely you don't think that I . . ."

Yes, they did think it. He read it in their faces, even there in the dim light of the basement. The two detectives, large

hunky men, looked at him coldly. They had been on the force 14 years, starting together. They had seen a lot in their time. But they had never even imagined anything like this. Slowsy told Wilson that they believed he had killed his wife and burned her body.

It was the first time Wilson showed any kind of emotion. "But I love Ethel," he shouted, his face blanching a little. "I wouldn't harm her."

They escorted Wilson upstairs, told him to put on his coat and hat, and drove him to headquarters. Other officers were sent out to assist Kraker and Kirschnick bring in the ash pit.

It was midnight by this time, but the police had a lot of work ahead of them.

Three officers went out to wake up the neighborhood and ask questions. Some interesting information was picked up from Laurel Thein, a six-year-old girl, who lived with her parents in a house not far from the Wilson store.

The girl had been sent to the store Monday afternoon. She was gone longer than expected and her father had gone after her. He found her in the store, alone. She'd told her father that "there's nobody to wait on me." Right after she'd started talking to her father, Wilson came out of the back and wiped his forehead with his sleeve and said he was sorry for the delay.

As the girl was walking home with her father, she told him she had heard a woman's voice coming from the apartment in back of the store. The voice she said, had shouted: "Don't, you're hurting me!"

Another detective phoned the doctor who had been treating the Wilsons. He told the officer the same thing he had told Russell Wilson. And then for his opinion of Raymond Wilson, he added: "The man's a paranoic and not fit to live in society up to a very gruesome picture to Detectives Slowsy and Mejcher. But they agreed they would need a confession to make any type of a case. Without one, it would be almost impossible to establish a corpus delicti. All they had were some bones, small pieces, undistinguishable."

They talked to Wilson again, but got nowhere.

Meanwhile, other officers sifting through the ashes came up with the first thing that Wilson didn't have an answer for. It was a steel alloy pin, the type used by surgeons on broken bones.

"And Ethel Wilson broke her hip last January," Slowsy said, grimly. "This removes any doubt in my mind."

Wilson was confronted with the pin. He said he didn't know how it had gotten into the furnace.

He was taken back to the apartment, where officers and technicians were giving the place a thorough going-over.

The apartment had been scrubbed, but spots that appeared to be blood left a trail in the hallway, that led to the opinion that Ethel Wilson had been struck while in the hallway.

When police pointed to the clothes-filled closet and drawers, Wilson said he had bought his wife a complete line of new clothes for the trip. One of the purses which lay around the room, however, contained all of Ethel's personal papers and glasses.

"She must have forgotten them," Wilson

said. "Besides, she has another pair of glasses." The officers pointed to the wheelchair.

Wilson told them that the nurses with whom his wife left had brought a special wheelchair with them. "You know, the kind that folds up, so it can be taken in a car very easy."

It was after 3 A.M. when they brought him back to the station and locked him up. "Maybe he'll do some talking after he's had a little sleep," Slowsy said.

The detectives assembled their reports, typed out the interviews, and Detective Captain John Sweeney read them over. At 8:20 A.M. they woke Wilson and started again with the questions.

Sweeney went over the evidence with Wilson. Then he told the butcher that he would feel much better if he talked, that the truth would relieve his conscience, that, anyway, it was no use for him to deny the crime any longer, that they had enough to make a case against him even without a statement.

Wilson broke down and cried. He nodded. "All right," he said. "The bones are Ethel's. I . . . I put her in the furnace."

He'd killed his wife, he said—"believe it or not"—with her consent. She was a sick woman and suffering, suffering bad; she was paralyzed on one side, her broken hip was painful and she had those awful cataracts on her eyes. And, he added, her hospital and medical bills had just about depleted their savings and they were practically broke.

"We talked about it," he said, "and Ethel agreed the best thing was for her to die."

Wilson told his amazing story from the start. After he and Ethel married a year ago, they lived on her farm, he said. When she broke her hip and the effect of the stroke became worse, they sold the farm. She had about \$7000; he had a few thousand. He said they pooled their money together. But the bank account had dwindled rapidly because of the medical expenses. On October 5 he'd bought the store, paying \$5000 for it.

The store proved more than he could manage, however, he said, what with taking care of the business himself, and with Ethel—dressing and bathing her, cooking and cleaning the house. And business, that certainly hadn't been as good as he expected.

Last month he had looked at his and Ethel's bankbook. They had only \$300 left. It was then when he started thinking about killing her.

Last Monday night, he said, he talked to Ethel about it. For the first time he told her about what he had been thinking of for a month—that it would be better all around if she were dead, out of the way; that her medical expenses had been a terrific drain on them and that she wasn't going to get any better, that it was too darned much trouble taking care of her.

"She said she understood," Wilson told the officers.

"Just exactly what did she say?" Sweeney asked.

Wilson said Ethel told him: "I don't mind, Ray. I know I'm in the way."

He described their conversation on the subject as a very orderly one—no excitement, no disagreements. He said he made a dinner of mushroom soup on the night of the incident, that after dinner he told her: "This is it. I'm going to prepare you now."

He then wheeled her into the bathroom, he said, slowly removed her robe, pajamas, shoes

and stockings. Then he sat her on the edge of the bathtub, swerved her legs around into the tub, and slid her in gently—just like when he always gave her a bath.

"And?" a detective asked.

And then, Wilson said, he kissed Ethel, said "Goodbye, sweetheart," and struck her in back of the head with the flat side of a meat cleaver.

"And?"

And then, the butcher said, he carried the body to his butcher block and got his meat saw. He said he first dismembered the head, then the arms and legs at the joints, and then sawed the limbs into smaller pieces.

The next step, he said, was to take some of the pieces down to the basement, put them in the furnace and shovel in some coal. He was preparing to take the other pieces to the furnace, he said, when the policeman came about the sparks from the chimney.

So he left them in the bathtub overnight, covering them with newspaper. The next day he put the rest of the body into the furnace. He cleaned and scrubbed the apartment afterwards.

Under questioning, Wilson said he hadn't told his wife how he was going to dispose of her body, and that they hadn't talked about what might happen to him for killing her. He refused to discuss a report police had from relatives stating that Ethel Wilson had said she wanted to be buried in her wedding dress.

Police didn't believe that Ethel had given her husband permission to kill her. But whether they believed it or not, it was still murder. Wilson was charged with first-degree murder and placed in the county jail in Milwaukee under \$25,000 bond.

The news of the murder brought a call to West Allis police from Mrs. Mamie Wilson of suburban Overland, near St. Louis. The woman said that she had married Raymond Wilson in 1911 in Paducah, Ky., that they'd had two children and had been divorced in 1932. She said he was supposed to have paid \$30 a month for support until the children reached 16, but that he never had.

Mrs. Wilson said she and her children were destitute on many occasions, and several times had tracked Wilson down and asked him for support money. He had always refused, she said. She claimed he owed her children \$11,000, money that should have been paid for their support. After talking to the police, she left for Paducah to see if she could file some sort of a suit to recover the money.

ON Friday night, 12 hours after Wilson's

confession, police made another examination of his apartment. With the furnace cooled, they shook the ashes loose from above the grate and sifted them. In the ashes this time they found a platinum wedding ring, with the markings of a jewelry store in Racine. The ring was taken to the jeweler, and he identified it as the type he had sold to Wilson a little more than a year ago.

Authorities also made preparations to investigate the death of Wilson's second wife, the mother of Russell and Raylene. Deputy Medical Examiner Joseph LaMonte said the body would be exhumed. He admitted there was no suspicion that the second Mrs. Wilson met other than a natural death, but that the investigation would be made just to make certain.

At this writing Wilson is in the county jail waiting action on the murder charge.

The Man Who Murdered a Millionaire

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to become rich. At 20, he left home and got the waiter job in the old Capitol Hotel.

He kept his hair shining and slick. Even at 20, his shoulders hunched a little, which helped give the impression that he was hawking and scraping before the straight-backed, high-chinned millionaire. Jones had solemn eyes and there was a fullness in his cheeks and jaws, a weak look about his small girlish lips that might have warned Rice of the over-ambition, the something-for-nothing dreams that blazed deep inside the youngster.

But Rice was 80, and his eyes were failing. His hair was a fuzzy, white half-moon around the shining dome of his head, and his goatee and mustache had long ago turned a yellowish white. He limped when he walked, and held his head and shoulders straight and high as a kind of defiance to the limp. He was picky about his food.

The new young waiter learned quickly how the old man liked his food. He smiled and nodded and howled while Rice ordered. He scurried like a little mouse to the kitchen where he prodded and snapped at the cook until Mr. Rice's "special" seasonings were just right. Rice rewarded him by learning to call him Jones and asking for him every time.

Rice's eyes were old and weak, but to others they looked as strong and fiery as they had been in his youth, when he was building his millions and building Texas along with them. A native of Springfield, Mass., he'd left his New England country store to come to Texas in the 1830s when it was a new nation, independent from Mexico. He'd lost everything at sea en route to Texas. He'd started as a store clerk, rising to part owner, then branching out into the import-export business. By the end of the Civil War he was a rich man. It involved big risks, operating a business in a new country, but Rice took the risks and built his fortune and thanked Texas for the chance. Sometimes, he figured, he'd do something for Texas. He wanted to pay back.

"JONES," he rasped to the young waiter one day early in 1897, "How'd you like to work for me?"

Charles Jones licked his lips, his eyes glittered, and he bent forward to catch every word.

"I'm getting old, can't take care of myself any more. You're a good man. You're quick. You understand my needs. Lost my wife a while back, and now I'm all alone." He looked directly up at the waiter, and his eyes narrowed in a habit of bargaining. "You'll be valet, companion, secretary. Give you a chance to learn business. Help me. Help yourself. Fifty-four dollars a month and all expenses. That sound reasonable?"

In 1897 a \$54 salary over expenses was like finding a gold mine. For a country boy from Galveston Bay it was unbelievable. He thought of his family slaving out on the farm. He smiled, howled low and murmured, "Thank you, sir. I'll be happy to serve you."

On May 10, 1897, they went to New York City. Being a servant to a millionaire was al-

most like being a millionaire himself. Jones met other millionaires, and at 21 he knew as much about his master's business and personal life as the old man himself.

Laboriously, he pecked at a typewriter, trying to learn to be a good secretary. This typing was his worst task. He hated it. A few years before he could scarcely read and write, and now he had to learn to use a typewriter. He struggled, practicing, but the thing was impossible for him. However, the old man scarcely noticed the mistakes and signed the messy letters Jones turned out.

There were many letters about Rice's dead wife. Rice would explode with every word as he limped up and down the bedroom of his New York apartment, dictating a letter to his Texas lawyers, Baker, Botts, Baker and Lovett.

Jones read the letters that came back from Texas, and he began to understand what had happened. Under the community property law of Texas, a wife is entitled to half her husband's belongings, and can make out a will disposing of her half. Mrs. Rice had done this, slicing out three or four millions of the old man's fortune as neatly as she'd carved the potatoes in their early days of marriage.

Her lawyer, known to Jones only as a "Mr. Holt," represented the devil to Rice. He wanted that money his wife had willed away to establish a college in Texas. The name Holt would send the old man into a rage. "Write 'em, Jones. That community property law doesn't apply to me. Tell 'em my home's New York City," he'd explode. "I just vacation in Texas," he'd swear about the state he loved most.

Lawyer Holt sent a young ambitious lawyer to New York to persuade New Yorkers who knew Rice to swear out affidavits that Rice was a citizen of Texas, not of New York.

This lawyer, Albert Patrick, had a reputation that would make most lawyers sick. Born in Texas and graduated from Texas University, he twisted the law to favor his own ambitions.

Once a client sued a man for alienation of his wife's affections, Patrick won, collected half the suit for his fee, then took the wife's case in a divorce suit against his former client, winning alimony for her.

Another time, Patrick tried to have a member of congress disbarred, and when the dishonest accusations were discovered, he fled Texas to escape being disbarred himself.

In New York City, he befriended millionaire William H. Moore, who later brought suit against him to recover some money. Before the case went to court, the millionaire died under mysterious circumstances.

As Patrick scurried about New York collecting his affidavits against Rice, the old man heard about it. Suddenly the name Patrick became as hated as Holt.

The New York apartment was in Berkshire House, a red brick building on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and East Fifty-second Street. It has since been rebuilt. Rice kept his apartment plain, disliking the luxury that usually goes with wealth. Here, the old man worried with his finances and his health. Jones knew that all business ended at least three hours before bedtime, because the millionaire had a two-and-a-half hour ritual that he had to perform every night before retiring. It was for his health and appearance.

Carefully, Rice would peer into his mirror, trimming and shaping his mustache and goatee.

He would bathe carefully, clean spots from his clothing, and exercise for an hour. His one exercise was to keep his limp from growing worse. Doctors scoffed, but Rice insisted that the exercise was all that kept him walking. He rolled himself into a blanket and rolled on the floor for one hour.

At first Jones would help his master with the evening ritual. But as the secretarial duties increased, Rice exercised alone while Jones labored cursing over the clumsy typewriter.

In mid-November, 1899, while Rice was preparing for bed and Jones was typing, someone rang the apartment bell. Jones knew it was a stranger. Friends knew better than to disturb Rice at bedtime. Jones opened the door and peered up into a rudely, bespectacled face. The man took off his derby, revealing a balding flat-topped head ringed with red hair. Sharp blue eyes glittered at Jones. "My name is Smith. I wish to see Mr. Rice."

"Impossible at this hour."

"I'm from Texas. Cotton business."

THE two talked a few minutes and Jones gave the man some back issues of Texas newspapers. A week later the man came back. Again, Mr. Rice was preparing for bed. The man treated Jones like a fellow gentleman instead of a servant, sitting and talking quietly. They discussed Mrs. Rice's will and Lawyer Holt, and finally the bald visitor hurried; "My name's not Smith, you know. It's Patrick. Albert T. Patrick. I hoped to see Mr. Rice. I hoped to convince him that he should give us a letter admitting he's a Texas citizen."

Jones shook his head. "He wouldn't even see you. He hates your name."

"Too bad. It would be worth money to us. If we just had a copy of such a letter, written on your typewriter, we could arrange to have it signed. It would be worth \$250 to us."

Jones sat very still. He thought of the \$250. He'd never had that much money all at once. His lips moved, but no sound came. Patrick stood up to leave, and he handed a crumpled piece of paper to the secretary. It was the letter he wanted copied.

Jones bid the letter, hesitating, playing with the idea of betraying the old millionaire. Daytimes, he followed his master along the streets, saw him stop at a fruit stand, and shuddered because he knew what always happened. Rice picked up an apple from the stand, hit into it, grimaced, and put it back with the other apples. As he started to walk away the fruit vendor shouted and ran after him, demanding payment.

"Sir!" Mr. Rice would bellow with a proud lift of his goatee. "I didn't get where I am today by selling inferior products. You just can't make money that way. We, the public, refuse to pay."

Jones blushed in shame and rage as he watched his master continue down the street with the vendor spewing profanity after him. Jones vowed that he'd be rich someday. And when he was, he would wear it like a suit of clothes, so that everyone along the street would know.

Every Thursday night, sure as the clock, Albert Patrick came to the Rice apartment and talked to Jones. They whispered together in the parlor. Patrick spoke low, like a real gentleman, letting Jones know that he had a little money—and would someday have more. Already he had left Dr. Robert Collyer's church for the Fifth Avenue

dignantly. "Young man, where did you get such an idea?" Jones had ready the answer Patrick had taught him. "I've been approached by several lawyers."

In March, 1900, Jones visited Patrick's office at 367 Broadway, where he met Mr. Short and Mr. Meyers. They would be the new witnesses. Patrick introduced Jones to a Dr. Walter Curry, and later Jones introduced Dr. Curry to Rice, and the doctor began treating the aging man.

Patrick dictated letters to Jones and forged Rice's signature to them. In some of the letters he, as Rice, praised Albert Patrick. In late July, 1900, Patrick drew up some transfers of property, transferring some of Rice's property to himself. Jones typed them—a transfer of all Rice's property in the safe deposit vaults at the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, and an assignment of the contents of Rice's safe at the New York Safe Deposit Company; a transfer of all the real estate Rice owned in the state of Texas and another for all in Louisiana and another for all real estate and property in New Jersey.

Jones and Patrick couldn't agree on the will. Jones wanted to be named a beneficiary, but Patrick insisted that it would look too suspicious, that Jones should take his cut from Patrick's share. But he refused to be pinned down to just how much he was going to give Jones.

On August 3, Patrick asked Jones: "How's Mr. Rice's health?"

"He's getting along better than he has for a year or more."

Patrick stroked his chin. "Don't you think he's living too long?"

Jones muttered, "It would seem so."

"Can you suggest a way to get rid of him?"

Jones gasped, "Not without murder."

Patrick's eyes narrowed. "Let me in the apartment some night when Rice is asleep."

Jones shook his head. "No."

"Why?"

"He does not sleep soundly enough."

Patrick dictated the following letter for Jones to type, and forged Rice's signature to the bottom.

"Alfred T. Patrick, Esq.

No. 277 Broadway, City,

"Dear Sir,

"Concerning the matter of cremation, I sent down to the United States Crematory office for information and got two circulars which are very interesting. I will show them to you when you come up. Ever since Col. Robert Ingersoll and Col. Waring were cremated, I have thought that I should like to be cremated also."

"COL. Ingersoll was a very smart man, and a man of great judgment about all things which is possible for a man to know, but about religion a man cannot know. Ingersoll was right or he may be wrong that is all guess work."

"Col. Waring was a great sanitary man, and it seems to me that the law should not allow dead bodies to be buried all over the Country, after dying of all kinds of diseases. I would much rather have my body burned than eat by worms or stolen by some medical student and carved to pieces. If I should die I want you to see that I am not embalmed as they fill you with chemicals when they embalm you, but I want you to have my body cremated at once and my ashes put in an urn and interred with my late wife Elizabeth B. Rice. As to

funerals I do not think my relatives would care to come to mine and I see no use having one until my ashes are interred with my wife. I write these things because I happen to think of them although you told me to give you written directions some time ago. But I expect to live twenty years, as I came of a long lived family and am in pretty good health for a man of my age. . . . Yours truly, W. M. Rice."

Patrick finished the will. Then he asked Jones if he could get some chloroform. Jones sent a brother in Texas \$5 and the brother sent some chloroform by American Express.

Under Patrick's instructions, Jones asked Dr. Curry if anyone could tell whether a person had or had not died by chloroform poisoning if he already had a weak heart. Dr. Curry said probably not.

On Saturday, September 27, 1900, the Merchants and Planters Oil Mill in Texas burned to the ground. Rice owned 75 percent interest in it, and he planned to send \$250,000 in cash to rebuild it.

This move would exhaust all the money he had in New York banks—and Jones phoned Patrick immediately.

They met at the Roma Restaurant at Sixth Avenue and Fifth Street, and Patrick was furious. He said Rice must not be allowed to draw that money out of the banks.

Jones shrugged. "He's sick. Shock from hearing about the fire. Maybe he won't be well enough to leave his bed."

They asked Dr. Curry, but the doctor thought Rice would be able to go to the bank on Monday.

All day Sunday, Patrick and Jones plotted. Patrick gave Jones a bottle of oxalic acid, telling him to mix it with water and give it to Rice for medicine.

Jones handed his master the mixture. The white-haired old millionaire sat up in bed and took an experimental sip of it. He made a face and ran to the bathroom and spit it out.

Later Jones found the old man sitting up by a window, looking down on Fifth Avenue. He persuaded his boss to go to bed, but the man was very weak. When he tried to get up he'd fall back in his chair. Jones lifted him into his arms and tucked him in bed like a child.

Then he ran to meet Patrick, to tell him he couldn't go through with a murder. Patrick told him to use the chloroform.

Jones refused.

Patrick insisted, "You know I'm a widower," he said. "I have two little girls back in Austin, Tex. For their sakes I can't kill."

Jones remembered the smiling little faces in the picture frame on Patrick's desk. He felt in his pocket for the vial of chloroform and headed back to the apartment. Patrick told him what to do.

Like a man in a daze, Jones searched for a sponge, wrapped a towel into a cone-shape around it, and saturated it with chloroform. He stuck his nose into the wide end of the cone, and pulled it away fast, choking and coughing. He poured a little more chloroform on it and tiptoed into Rice's room.

The old man was breathing softly, sleeping like a little child. Jones slipped the cone over the 84-year-old man's face and ran out of the room. Someone was ringing the doorbell. Patrick had said to leave the chloroform on his face 30 minutes. Frantically, Jones listened to the bell. He ran to the door and peeped out. He saw two ladies, two sweet, middle-aged ladies standing there, holding baskets covered

with white cloths. Jones locked the door.

The bell rang again.

He wandered through every room of the apartment, just walking, listening to the bell, avoiding that room where it was so quiet.

Finally, the bell stopped ringing.

At the end of the 30 minutes, Jones removed the cone, carried it to the kitchen coal range and burned it. He raised the windows in Rice's room. Then he called Patrick and said "Mr. Rice is very ill." That was their pre-arranged signal that the old man was dead.

PATRICK called Dr. Curry who came immediately. He signed the death certificate, giving the causes as "old age, weak heart, and colicorrals diarrhea with mental worry."

Patrick ordered Jones back to his typewriter to make out checks on all the money Rice had in the New York banks payable to Albert Patrick. Patrick himself forged Rice's signature.

Albert Patrick endorsed the checks, and early Monday morning an office boy appeared at the window of the Fifth Avenue Trust Company with a check on Rice for \$135,000. It was paid.

But the office boy, David Short, found it harder to fool the Wall Street banking house of Swenson & Sons. The teller stared at the check and then stared at Patrick's office boy. He showed the boy that the check was made out to an Albert Patrick, but that it was endorsed by Albert. They couldn't cash such a check, the teller said.

By the time Patrick changed the endorsement, the firm was suspicious. They called Rice's home, and Jones told them the check was all right. The bankers asked if Mr. Rice could come to the phone and okay their honoring the check.

"No, he can't come just now," Jones said. So the check wasn't cashed because Jones had misspelled Albert.

Jones waited as long as he could to notify relatives and business agents that Rice was dead. He sent many copies of the telegram: "Mr. Rice died eight o'clock last night under care of physician. Death certificate. Old age, weak heart, delirium. Left instructions to be interred in Milwaukee with his wife. Funeral 10 A.M. tomorrow at 500 Madison Avenue."

The answering wires came: "Make no disposition of remains until we arrive. We leave tonight, arrive New York Thursday morning."

When the relatives and Mr. Rice's Texas lawyer, Mr. Baker, arrived, Patrick told them Rice had made a new will and had named Patrick and Baker as executors. Patrick had been willed almost all the estate. Why?

"Frankly, the old gentleman admired me. He was just stuck on me. He thought I was the most wonderful man in the world. Said he never met anyone he liked better." He showed them a copy of the forged will. He told them that Mr. Rice had become "tired of life and business" and had turned all his property over to him.

The relatives had been all but left out of Mr. Rice's old will, and they knew it. At the funeral Patrick buttonholed them individually, murmuring, "Mr. Rice left you \$20,000 and your sons \$5000 each."

The whole plot was based on the assumption that the relatives and college trustees could be "bought off" in the new will.

But here is where Patrick and Jones hit a snag!

Some of the beneficiaries in the new will



It's 5 minutes to curtain and Loretta Miller smiles backstage while unknown admirer sits out front, planning another kind of curtain.

GOODBYE, ANGEL FACE



Roger Whittier clasp Loretta's photo in death, inscribed it: "All I can do is worship you—Goodbye."

"I didn't even know the poor guy," burlesque dancer says of love-crazed admirer who killed self "for you."

■ Roger Whittier, of North Bend, Ore., a veteran of the Korean War, was just plain nuts about the shapely red-haired burlesque dancer. He'd never met Loretta Miller, never even had the nerve to wait outside the stage door of the Los Angeles theater where she was appearing and ask her for a date. But every night for more than a week he'd seen her dance and he'd fallen madly in love with her. He didn't know what to do about his love. Finally, he decided that the only thing he could do was to die. One night he sent Loretta a letter saying, "If you hear of a Roger coming to a violent end, please pin a little piece of black to your costume." Then, after the show, he phoned an editor and told him he was at the theater, planned to kill himself "to get publicity for Loretta." Police arrived a few minutes later. Whittier began to fire. Police returned fire, hit him twice. Then Whittier re-aimed gun to his temple and fired. . . . Loretta wore a black ribbon in her hair for the following night's show. The next day she was fired. "We don't want this kind of publicity," the theater manager said. The lovely looking girl, who had not been responsible for any of the publicity, took it smiling, said she was going to quit anyhow.



Suicide's testament includes razor-sharp hunting knife, .32-caliber automatic, bullets—and two pictures of smiling, red-haired Loretta.



Burlesque stage is hushed as detective watches over Oregonian's body, chalked tribute to "Angel Face."



"Please wear a little piece of black after I die," Whittier wrote. Loretta pins black ribbon to hair.

No One Else Can Have Her

continued from page 23

girl. She looked about 12 years old. She looked like she might be scared, but I didn't think too much of it at the time. I figured the man was her father, that her parents had been divorced and he had driven down to visit her.

"They stayed only about ten or 15 minutes in the cabin. I saw them leave. The man led her to the car. He had his arm around her. . . ."

The car turned towards downtown Irving. In the cabin a maid found six bottles of unopened soft drink, an almost empty whisky bottle, one of Jeannette's earrings. Police found stains resembling blood.

Wednesday dragged on with Jeannette's mother and other relatives hoping desperately that she was all right. True, Thurman had an abnormal attraction for her. "But he wouldn't harm her. He loved her like a father," they kept telling each other over and over. "Surely he wouldn't hurt her."

But if she were all right, why hadn't she let them know? She would have phoned. She would never have let her mother worry like this.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Priest's phone rang—long rings, for long distance. It was her husband, Thurman, phoning from a motel in Stanton, Mo., 50 miles southwest of St. Louis, 450 miles from Grand Prairie.

"Is Jeannette with you? She's been missing since yesterday afternoon," Mrs. Priest said.

"I don't know anything about that," Priest told him. "I haven't seen her at all. I'm on my way to Ohio. But I'll turn around, come back and help look for her. I feel a headache coming on." He hung up.

U.S. 66 slants northeastward to St. Louis from the southwest corner of Missouri. Priest double-checked back and that night he phoned his wife again, this time from Mt. Vernon in the southwest part of the state, 200 miles down U.S. 66 from his first call.

This time he mumbled, tongue twisted. When he had a blackout he sometimes couldn't talk plain for six hours. His wife could understand nothing he said.

"Where are you? At a motel? Let me talk to the clerk. Give the phone to the clerk!" she shouted.

He handed the phone to Mrs. Maurine Astolf, manager of the Belhairs Motel.

"Get the police. We think he's kidnapped his niece," Mrs. Priest said.

SHERIFF Vernon Smith and Deputy H. L. Dunton of Mt. Vernon arrested Priest a little while later. Jeannette wasn't with him. Priest, it seemed, was either in a drunken stupor, or on dope. He couldn't talk. He mumbled and held his head in his hands.

Mrs. Astolf said he had appeared sober when he checked in at the motel. He ordered ice sent to his room, and was dead drunk 45 minutes later when he'd placed the call to his wife.

Officers questioned him. His eyes were half closed, as though he were almost asleep. They spent the night grilling him.

"I don't know. I don't remember," he mumbled to every question. "I don't know."

The next morning his eyes moved, rolling around in their sockets. At least he had them open now.

"You better talk," an officer said. "What have you done with your niece? Stop the crazy act. We know it's just an act. What have you done with her. Where's Jeannette Earnest?"

"I don't even know her," he muttered. "You're stalling, trying to cover up something."

They searched his car and found Jeannette's other earring, the mate to the one found in the motel back in Irving, Tex. They also found several short lengths of rope and a red thermos jug containing coffee.

"Did you tie her with these ropes? Where is she?"

Priest's hand strayed to his face and his fingers trembled against his hollow cheek. "It's all a horrible blackout," he said. "I don't remember."

"Do you remember being in Stanton the afternoon before you phoned your wife?"

"Only vaguely," he said. He moaned. "I have a mastoid condition and these blackout spells. Bring me some coffee. Please bring me some coffee."

He interrupted the questioning every 15 minutes to beg for coffee.

Texas officers arrived later that day—Deputies Ed Max and E. N. Bule of Fort Worth and Tarrant County. They knew that Priest must have stopped dozens of times along the road to make his coffee theft and fill his thermos. They decided to stop if necessary at every coffee stand between Dallas and St. Louis to find Jeannette.

In Texas, meanwhile, police began a methodical combing along the river, under bridges and culverts around Irving, where the girl was last seen.

Had Priest hidden her out somewhere, left her with another person?

Early that evening, a shoemaker brought Jeannette's saddle oxfords to the parents. "On Wednesday a woman left them at my shop," he told them. "She said to repair them for Jeannette. I never saw the woman before."

Her mother thought Jeannette had worn the saddle oxfords to school on Tuesday morning.

Later that evening, a 24-year-old blonde Fort Worth waitress phoned police. They interviewed her in the downtown hotel where she lived.

"That guy Priest," the blonde said, "was always drinking in the lounge where I work. He was bugs on kidnapping, always reading about the Greenpeace case. He read about kidnappings all the time. . . . Two weeks ago he ups and asks me could I supply food for him and his victim while they were hiding out." She swallowed hard. "I laughed him off. I thought he was only kidding."

Priest continued to sit in the Missouri jail, mumbling like a punch-drunk boxer, offering no information. All along the 450 mile route between St. Louis and Dallas cops and waitresses and motel managers were meanwhile piecing together what they knew, trying to find Jeannette.

"Maybe when he had his blackout, Jeannette escaped from him," her mother sobbed, hoping desperately.

Officers checked coffee shops along U.S. 66 in Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri. They found some witnesses. Others read and heard about Jeannette and told police bits of infor-

mation. All along the highway people were phoning, talking, determined to find Jeannette or find someone who had seen her. They'd find her with or without the help of her uncle, Thurman Priest.

Her description flashed on police radios and Missouri Trooper N. E. Trinnin listened to the description of her clothing, a gray-and-pink striped blouse, and remembered something. He wheeled his police car around in the middle of the highway and gunned towards Lebanon, on U.S. 66 in southwest Missouri.

He'd seen a blouse fitting that description at 10:30 A.M. Wednesday, the day after Jeannette disappeared. It was on a wire hanger on the edge of a culvert 12 miles east of Lebanon. He'd stopped and looked at it, but at that time it had had no significance. He'd kicked it over the culvert and left it.

Now, on Friday, he found it again.

IT looked as if whoever threw it out had intended for it to go over the culvert, but that instead it had hit the end abutment. It fit the description, gray-and-pink striped, shirt waist style with detachable collar. He held it up to the sun and examined it closely. There were dim stains which looked as if they'd been washed at. Except on the collar, that is. There was a stain there which looked like blood.

Jeannette's mother later identified the blouse as her daughter's. And tests showed that the stains were indeed blood.

Police questioned motel operators in Stanton, where Priest had made his first call. He'd checked in at the El Rancho Motel in Stanton on November 13. He must have changed his mind about going to Ohio, and returned to Grand Prairie to kidnap Jeannette. He checked in at the El Rancho again at noon on Wednesday, the day after he picked up the girl. She wasn't with him. He made his first phone call to his wife, stayed two hours, then checked out, walked across the street, checked in at the Ozark Motel, and stayed 30 minutes.

On Friday, police of four states were trying to chart Priest's route and activities from the time he left Texas. Priest sat in jail hahling like an idiot. Back in Texas, the missing girl's father took off from his job and conducted a one-man search along highways and under culverts near Irving, Tex.

Miami is the last fair-thing town in northeastern Oklahoma on U.S. 66. The highway twists up through Baxter Springs in the southeast corner of Kansas, then angles across Missouri to St. Louis. Towns along the route and near it include Joplin, Mt. Vernon, Springfield, Lebanon, Rolla, Sullivan, Stanton, and others. Police charted his route and his stops.

He kidnapped Jeannette in Grand Prairie after school on Tuesday and took her to a motel in Irving.

Between 3 and 4 A.M., Wednesday, he checked into the Capistrano Motel at Baxter Springs, Kan.

"My wife is asleep in the car," he mumbled to Orville McHaffey, the motel manager. "I'll show you how the thermostat works in the cabin," the manager said. He walked by Priest's car parked in the carport. He didn't look closely, but he saw no one in it.

Priest licked his lips. "I'm short on money. A single room will do. My wife and I will need only one bed."

lane but refused to get out. Deputy Max remained to guard him while other officers searched.

They found Jeannette's body lying fully clothed, face upward and covered with leaves. A bullet had gone through her brain.

When they carried her body out, Priest covered his face and whined, refusing to look. His teeth chattered, his eyes darted in their sockets. His whole body shook.

You could see the fury in the faces of everyone who stood watching the scene. But they didn't lynch him. They saved him for the courts of Missouri. He was charged with murder and held without bond.

"I wish I'd killed myself," he said back in jail. "I expect to pay the penalty, and I don't care what happens. I will not try to get out of this!"

Officers took away his spectacles to prevent any suicide attempt.

"I've done my duty," he said. "Now I want to sleep."

He slept for the first time since his arrest, snoring loudly. When he woke up, he tried to get another prisoner to help him escape. The prisoner reported it immediately. Priest was removed from the old jail at Lebanon to a nearby modern maximum security jail at Marshfield. He was placed in a solitary cell behind six locked doors.

His wife and adopted daughter collapsed when told Jeannette had been found dead. They were given sedatives.

"The only one I really want to see is my daughter," Priest said. "I don't care what the world thinks, but I want her to know how it really happened. She'll believe me. She'll know there was no premeditation."

The girl, 18 now, did believe him. "He's the best daddy a girl ever had," she wept.

The medical examination of Jeannette's body, showed severe bruises on her face and neck. The coroner said, "She had a beating, but there is no evidence of rape."

Three doctors examined Priest and said there is nothing wrong with him mentally, though there is evidence he has suffered from mastoid trouble.

WINDING up the case, soldiers from Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., using a mine detector, found a .32-caliber automatic shell near the murder scene.

On Tuesday, November 23, two Lebanon policemen found the .32 death weapon lying 12 feet from U.S. 66, three-tenths of a mile from the dirt road where Priest had stopped to murder the girl.

In Fort Worth, police still searched for the unidentified woman who had taken Jeannette's saddle off the repair shop the day after she disappeared. Priest said the girl was wearing the hallerina slippers when he picked her up. She still wore the slippers when she was found dead. Police were also searching for a pair of trousers missing from Priest's luggage.

She's Crazy for Me

continued from page 53

He gripped the wheel, with the other a rifle. The two hoodlums pushed the girl down and fled into the shadows when they saw the car coming.

Schimmel braked the car, jumped out and he and Storms began to race after the two men. But their 30-second start was all the hoodlums needed on a night like this and the two detectives had to give up after a while. They went back to the alley and to the girl there.

The girl, a beautiful, blue-eyed 19-year-old blonde, told them that her name was Margie Westbrook, that she was a singer at Colosimo's, a huge, ornate night club on South Washburn Avenue, a few blocks away.

"I was on my way home from work," she said, nervously. "I got off a westbound Cream Road trolley at the corner and was waiting for a Wentworth car to take me south. There was nobody around—absolutely nobody. And then, suddenly, two men walked out of the fog toward me. They grabbed me and dragged me into the alley. . . . You were just in time. . . . I couldn't have fought them off much longer."

As she talked, the detectives noticed something strange about the girl—that she was too sweet-looking and refined-looking to be a run-of-the-mill night-club entertainer.

"You ought to find another job," Storms told her as he and Schimmel drove her home. "Colosimo's isn't exactly a Sunday school."

"I know that," Margie said, with a sigh. "But they pay me well, far more than I could earn elsewhere. And I need the money. I have a very sick mother. . . . and those doctor bills!

But believe me, if I had my choice, I'd sooner work in a stinking tannery for \$20 a week than in Colosimo's for five times that much."

"Guys give you a hard time?" Schimmel asked.

Margie nodded. "There's always someone who wants to drive me home. But I don't trust any of them. I just say thanks and I come home alone."

"You're smart there," Schimmel said. "Most of those cookies wouldn't turn out to be any different from the birds who pulled into the alley tonight."

Storms, concerned over the girl's safety, arranged with the night commander of the South State Street Station to have the patrolman on the Wentworth Avenue beat see Margie safely aboard her trolley after work every night.

ONCE she's on it, there's nothing to worry about," he said. "She lives in a nice section in Auburn Park and won't be in any danger on her short walk home from the street car stop."

Five months later, Storms received a telephone call from Margie.

"I hate to bother you," she began, "but I have a problem."

"What's the trouble?"

"There's a man," Margie said, "and he won't leave me alone. . . . Night after night he comes to the club and pesters me to go out with him. I'm used to turning fellows down, but this one won't take no for an answer. He keeps repeating: 'I'll make you change your mind, doll.'"

On November 23, a week after Jeannette was kidnapped, they held her funeral at Oakhurst Methodist in Grand Prairie, the church where she'd planned soon to be baptized. She was dressed in a new ecchid blouse and black skirt.

The casket was closed during the service. Her last gift from her mother and father was a cascade of white carnations, tied with orchid ribbon. The flag at Riverside Elementary was flying at half mast. Her classmates sat in special pews at the church. The pastor read the Scripture, John 11:25: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. . . ."

In the Missouri jail Priest habbled, "I loved her more than anything, anybody. I don't know what they call loving something so much that you kill it. Just blame it on being crazy, I guess."

What was Jeannette's mother's attitude towards Priest? "Nothing," she said. Should he die for his crime? Her browa eyes, so much like her daughter's, clouded with tears. "I don't judge," she murmured.

A jury will decide. Thurman Priest's murder trial will take place in February. The murder charge takes precedence over a federal Lindbergh kidnap charge filed against him November 24 in Fort Worth. If Missouri fails to give him the death penalty, he may be tried on the kidnap charge. Conviction could bring death.

"Listen, Margie, do you know his name?"

"Yes," Margie said. "It's Charlie Shadr."

"A runt with buck teeth and a weak chin?"

"Yes," she said. "Do you know him?"

"Every cop in Chicago knows him," Storms said. "He's a killer."

"A killer?" Margie looked astounded.

"Why, he's only a kid!"

"Just the same," Storms said, "the rat's bumped four persons—including his own father and sister."

Two years earlier, Charlie Shadr, 17 then, fired a bullet into his father's brain. Horrified neighbors were sure it was a cold-blooded murder; they recalled in court that the youth had threatened to kill the man because, as one of them said, "Mr. Shadr just didn't like Charlie staying out all hours of the night—and used to tell him so."

But Charlie's mother insisted that her husband was drunk and was beating her on the night of the murder and that her son shot his father to protect her. A coroner's jury, swayed by her tears, returned a verdict of justified homicide, but recommended that a close rein be kept on the junior gun-slinger.

Less than a year later, the bullet-ridden body of Shadr's 16-year-old sister, Belle, was found in a barn behind the Shadr home. Charlie was arrested after a passerby reported having seen him dash from the scene a moment after the shots were heard.

Again, however, Mrs. Shadr saved her son. She testified that he'd been in the house with her at the time of the murder. And because the other witness had a poor reputation for truth and sobriety, reluctant police were

forced to take Mrs. Shader's story at face value. During the next three months, two of Charley Shader's "pals" were mysteriously shot to death in South Side alleys. Each of them had quarrelled with Shader a short time before.

"Just as sure as my middle name is Guy, he killed them," Storms told Margie. "But he denies the guilt and we haven't been able to pin the jobs on him."

Margie, trembling now, wailed: "And what will I do? A madman like that is liable to do anything!"

"I'll talk to the hum," Storms promised. Then he asked: "Could Charlie Shader have been one of the two men who attacked you in the fog that night?"

"No," Margie said, right off. "They were much older and bigger than he."

Late that night, Storms and his squad came across Shader in a poolroom at Thirty-first and Federal Streets. They frisked him, but he was unarmed.

"You've been bothering a dame at Colosimo's," growled Storms. "Cut it out. Understand?"

Shader frowned. "Who's gonna make me?" he asked. "All I've done is talk to her—so far. There's no law against a guy talking to a doll, is there? How does a guy get acquainted with girls? By writing them notes—or sending up smoke signals?"

Storms clenched his powerful fists. He was just itching to wipe that smirk from the punk's ugly, straggly-mustachioed face. But he restrained the impulse. Even rats like Shader, he knew, had rights which a police officer must respect.

Yet there was Margie Westbrook to consider, he knew too. How, he wondered, could he stop Shader from bothering her?

A stenographer or choir singer, faced with the same situation, could get a warrant charging Shader with harassing her and he would be placed under a peace bond. An entertainer in a notorious dive, where the average customer was either a prostitute or a hoodlum, would be laughed out of court if she took any such action against Shader. The judge would hold that working at Colosimo's made Margie Westbrook fair game for any kind of man.

Storms was up a tree. "Just remember that I warned you," he snapped at Shader as he stomped out of the poolroom.

During the next few weeks, Storms made it a point to drop in at Colosimo's several times a night—and this much to the annoyance of its manager, who didn't like to see the police crawling around the place. But Shader came anyway, and he made it plain by his loving stares that he came for only one reason and that reason was Margie Westbrook.

"I try to be nice to him," Margie told Storms one night. "I don't want to do anything that might get him sore. When he asks for a date—and he asks every evening—I tell him it's impossible because my mother would object. He just grins and he refuses to be discouraged. He thinks he has a way with women, that I'll eventually fall into his arms."

In addition to having Margie escorted to her streetcar after work every morning, Storms arranged for a cop from the Gresham Station to meet her at her trolley stop and walk with her to her door.

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he explained to the girl. "Let's hope something happens to take this guy off your neck."

The "something" happened soon after—when one of Storms' friends, Patrolman Harry J. Busse, was killed.

Busse, walking his lonely beat at Garfield Boulevard and Dearborn Street, was shot down as he spotted Shader and a pal holding up a pedestrian. The time was midnight, January 26, 1922.

A passing Detective Bureau squad seized Shader and the other youth, 18-year-old Frank Lee, as they fled into an alley. Six witnesses to the murder unhesitatingly identified them as the killers.

"This rap you won't beat," Storms told Shader in the South Wabash Avenue Station later. "You'll get the works now for sure."

Because of their ages, Shader and Lee escaped execution and were sentenced instead to life.

Margie's worries, you would have thought, were over now. And yet, a few months later, she phoned Detective Storms and said, "Every week he sends me a letter from prison. He keeps writing that he loves me. He warns me not to have anything to do with other men, to wait for him . . . He even sends messages through his friends. Four of them have been dropped in lately at Colosimo's. They warned me that Shader would be mighty sore if I even thought of another fellow while he's away. They hinted that it won't be long before he's free . . . One got a little drunk and mentioned he expects to break out."

"I'm sure there isn't a chance of that," Storms assured her. "But as added insurance, I'll warn the warden."

Informed of the possibility that Shader might attempt to get away, state officials transferred him from ancient Joliet prison to the new penitentiary at Stateville, supposedly "escape-proof."

For the next few years Shader kept writing to Margie. As do most entertainers, Margie changed jobs often, moving from one nightclub to another. And somehow, possibly through friends on the outside, Shader kept track of her whereabouts and every week she got a letter in which he vowed his undying love—and in which he constantly referred to the fact "I'll be out to see you soon, baby."

"I just don't know what to do," Margie said to Detective Storms. "It's enough to drive a person out of her mind."

"Tear up his letters without reading them," Storms suggested. "Or send them back unopened and marked 'Moved—left no forwarding address.'"

"But his friends keep bringing messages, too," Margie said. "I tell them, 'I don't want to have anything to do with you or with Charlie Shader.' But they only laugh. One of them told me, 'When a guy's as crazy about a skirt as Charlie is about you, there's no jug strong enough to hold him.'"

THESSE words were recalled by Storms when Chief William O'Connor came rushing into the master room one day as 50 detectives were attending roll call. "Every man who knows Charlie Shader by sight step forward," O'Connor called out.

Storms and at least 40 others took a step. "Get rifles and shotguns and plenty of ammunition," O'Connor ordered. "Shader just crawled out of Stateville."

With six other desperadoes, Shader had overpowered three guards, taken their weapons,

killed Deputy Warden Peter N. Klein, scaled a wall and disappeared. They were believed to be heading for Chicago.

Detective Storms sped to Margie's home and told her that Shader was on the loose.

"I have some money saved up," Margie nervously said. "I'm going to leave town with Mother at once."

Storms pleaded with her to remain and to follow her usual routine in order to serve as bait for Shader. "Detectives in disguise will be near you at all times," he promised. "If he shows, they'll grab him."

It took a lot of convincing, but Margie finally agreed.

Shader didn't reach Chicago, however. With his pals, he was captured three days later near LaSalle, Ill., as he hid in a railroad boxcar waiting for the furo to die down before attempting to slip into the city.

"If I had a gun," Shader snarled at Frank McInerney, chief of police of LaSalle, "I'd blast you right square between the eyes."

Even when Margie saw front page pictures the next day of the hoodlums again behind bars, she couldn't help feeling wary.

"He may get away again," she told Detective Storms. "He just may."

"If he does, he'll have to dig himself out of a grave," Storms said. "He's sure to be hanged this time."

Seven months later, Shader and the other six were found guilty of the murder of Deputy Warden Klein. All were sentenced to be hanged. Appeals and other legal moves delayed the executions. The condemned men, meanwhile, were kept in the Will County Jail in Joliet.

Shader, seemingly unworried, continued to write to Margie, boasting that he was too tough and smart to die.

Sheriff John Kirincich tripled the guards over the outlaws. He had a personal grudge against the killers. He was a former Stateville Penitentiary guard, one of the guards who'd been menaced by the convicts' guns when they escaped. And, more important, the murdered deputy warden had been his close friend.

Despite all the precautions, a gun was smuggled into the jail by a woman visitor and two of the killers, Gregorio Rizzo and Bernardo Roa, managed to get away. Ten months after their first break-out. They were recaptured a week later in Chicago, after murdering a policeman who tried to nab them.

In a note slipped out of the Will County Jail and received by Margie, Shader stated that he had planned to flee with the two men. But, he added cryptically, he decided at the last moment to remain behind because "the time was not yet ripe." He still seemed confident of saving his neck.

"The guy's got hallucinations," said Detective Storms, trying to cheer Margie.

"He certainly has hallucinations about me," she sighed. "He writes as though he and I had an understanding. Reading his letters, you'd get the idea I was wildly in love with him!"

A few weeks later, Margie's mother, who had been seriously ill for years, died, and the girl quit nightclub work.

"I've sung my last song in a cabaret," she told Storms, who attended the funeral. "When Mother was alive I needed the money for hospital expenses. Now it's all over and I don't care if I never see the inside of one of those places again."

A month later, Margie married a fellow she'd known in her school days and had re-

cently met again. Detective Storms was among the handful of guests at the quiet ceremony.

"From now until Charlie Shader is dead I'm going to be in hiding," said the beautiful bride. "I have a new name. My husband and I will live in a neighborhood far from my old home. I'll keep my marriage and whereabouts a secret from everyone except a few persons."

DETECTIVE Storms nodded. He had an uneasy hunch that the girl's fears might not be groundless.

This feeling was justified less than two months later when Chicago police were again thrown into a whirlwind of action with a flash that Shader and Roa somehow had secured guns and escaped from the Will County Jail after cowering six guards.

Detectives were stationed at Margie and her new husband's hideout home on the possibility Shader might learn of her whereabouts. He never showed up there, however.

From one end of the country to the other, a frantic hunt was on for the two desperadoes. People read of the search and reports that the two had been sighted poured in from different and widely separated spots each day. Most of these tips turned out to be duds.

Witnesses to two murders in Arizona, however, positively identified pictures of Roa and Shader as the killers. The victims were gasoline station attendants, shot down when they resisted holdups.

Now eight murders were chalked up against Shader—those of his father, sisters, two former buddies, Policeman Busse, Deputy Warden Klein and the two Arizona men. Compared to him Roa, connected with four killings, was a piker.

Underworld gossip, meanwhile, had it that Shader and Roa had fled to Roa's home town in Mexico.

Back in Chicago, Storms assigned detectives to make routine checks of the nightclubs in which Margie had worked. He felt there was a possibility Shader might eventually return to the city and seek out the girl in one of those places.

Exactly a year and two days after the jail break, a waiter at Colosimo's told a detective that a man who refused to give his name had called three times in three days and asked for Margie Westbrook.

"He knew my name," the waiter said. "He asked me, 'Where is she, Gus?'"

"And what did you tell him?" asked Storms, who recently had been promoted to sergeant, the first step in a path which eventually would win him a captain's badge.

"What could I tell him?" The waiter shrugged. "Just that Margie dropped from sight, that maybe she's gone to Hollywood to try out for the movies. It's funny, come to think of it; she just disappeared without saying goodbye to anybody."

Calls about Margie, Storms learned, had been received at five other bright-light spots where she had sung after leaving Colosimo's.

"It must be Shader who's doing the calling," Storms decided. "He wrote letters to her at each of those places while he was in prison." Riflemen stood guard at the cabarets, but Shader failed to show.

Storms decided now on a move which would require Margie's active assistance. "This is asking for a lot," he told her, "but I'd like you to take a job as a singer for a few days in one of the clubs where you used to work. If

strode Charlie Shader, all smiles, apparently vastly amused by what had been going on. Storms took one look at him and felt a long, cold chill.

Shader was wearing a coat, even though the temperature was close to 100 degrees. And there could be only one reason for the coat—the same reason detectives have for wearing coats in hot weather. To hide guns!

"Please, please," begged the cowering clerk, sweat rolling down his pallid face, "won't you show me the wrench?"

"Yeah," drawled Shader, "show it to him." Storms roared: "You bet I will!"

Reaching into the newspaper-wrapped package, he grasped the cool butt of his revolver. With a deft, lightning-like movement, he whipped out the weapon and rammed it against Shader's stomach.

"Up with your mitts!" he called out. "Up with them!"

Shader's eyes opened wide, shocked. "I got you pegged now," he growled. "You're Storms, the cop."

Storms swiftly frisked him and took a .45 from a holster on his left hip, another .45 from behind his belt in front and a .32 from a side pocket of his coat. All three guns were loaded. Then he marched Shader ahead of him into the back room. It was empty.

"Where's Roa?" Storms asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know," sneered Shader. "Wouldn't you just like to know!"

At Englewood Station, Shader seemed to enjoy being in the limelight. He boastfully admitted the eight murders police had attributed to him, including those of his father and mother, his pair of boyhood friends and the two Arizona gasoline station attendants.

"No use denying them," he remarked. "A man can only hang once."

He said he would have shot Storms down from the rear room of the shop if he had recognized him. "But you had me fooled with those overalls and that dirty face," he said. "I thought you were just another harmless jerk."

He revealed that he had seen Roa earlier that week and that Roa had started for Mexico. Roa evidently found sanctuary across the border, for to this day he is still at large, the only one of Deputy Warden Klein's seven killers to escape the hangman.

"I'd have gone with him," said Shader, "but I had some important personal business to take care of in Chicago."

"That business," said Storms, "wouldn't be a blonde named Margie, would it?"

"Oh, you remember Margie, too?" Shader gave his ragged mustache a twist. "Poor kid, she'll feel bad about me getting grabbed. She's in love with me, she is."

"Sure," Storms said, nodding. "Sure!"

Shortly afterwards, the Illinois Supreme Court reaffirmed Shader's death sentence. Chief Justice Frederick C. De Young, in handing down the decision, stated: "Shader is the boldest murderer in the United States. I want to say that Sergeant Storms' actions showed great nerve and cool courage—the heroism that protects life and home."

While Shader was awaiting his end, the legal means of execution in Illinois was changed from hanging to electrocution.

"How're you going to bump me?" the condemned prisoner asked the local sheriff one day. "Are you going to fry me or stretch my neck?"

"We have to do what the judge ordered," replied the sheriff.

So Shader was hanged in Joliet—the last man legally hanged in the State of Illinois. And as he plunged to his death through the trap door, his clenched right hand opened and a small piece of paper fluttered down to the ground.

It was a newspaper clipping, a nightclub advertisement with a picture of Margie.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The name *Margie Westbrook* is not the actual name of the person who was in fact a participant in the incidents described in this article. The name is used to avoid embarrassment to this innocent person.

Get the Man Who Got Crosby

continued from page 57

in the hood and radiator. Some of the bullets had gone all the way through the officers' car, coming out the rear window.

The abandoned Chevy stunk with its doors wide open. A huge hole was torn through the rear window showing that the killer had fired through it into the patrol car. The rear was dotted with bullet holes from the shots the motorcycle deputy had fired and the ones Doolin had fired.

The Texas Highway Patrol was checking the license number of the Chevy to trace its owner. A laundry ticket crumpled under a front seat bore a scrawled word: "Wolf."

Officers searching the field beyond the dirt pile found a recently fired 12-gauge shotgun and a deer rifle where they'd been flung in a heavy growth of weeds. There were more than 25 police cars around the field by the time Scarborough arrived. State Highway patrolmen, Texas Rangers and deputy sheriffs beat the bushes as they spread out across the field. It was like a wild animal hunt in the dark, when you don't know if the quarry is in your trap or not, but you know he's a killer who'd charge when he's cornered. Scarborough had told the hunters about the nickel-plated pistol which had sent a bullet through his arm. They hadn't found that weapon. So the killer must still have it.

Homicide Lieutenant W. C. Doss sent the police department's mobile investigation truck to serve as headquarters for the search. Four walkie-talkie units kept the hunters in contact with each other, and bloodhounds were ordered from the city prison farm.

Hundreds of citizens mobbed the area to watch, as if it were a big game. One man pointed to the old Chevy and told his com-

panions, "Why, that's the car that sideswiped me on the highway."

An officer tried to find the man, but he'd disappeared into the crowd. The milling spectators made the bloodhounds nervous, threw them off the scent. It was more than an hour before police could get the dogs working. They picked up the scent in the field and led officers along a trail away from the dirt pile. They turned toward town, running between railroad tracks and a paved street, heading in the general direction of Ingelwood Railroad Yards. Railroad detectives were notified to stop anyone trying to hop a freight. Sheriff Buster Kern ordered the Missouri Pacific yardmaster to halt all train traffic in the area.

The State Highway Patrol reported that the black Chevy belonged to Paul Wolf, a 42-year-old ship painter. Officers hurried to Wolf's home. Wolf shook his head. "We were home all evening, my wife and I. Ask her. I don't know how my car got into a thing like that."

HIS wife was already being questioned separately by other officers. "We were home," she said. "My brothers came by about 8 o'clock and asked to borrow our car. Paul gave them the keys."

Eva's brothers were Archie Lee Ellisor, a tall, lean, handsome 20-year-old father of year-old twins, and Merle Ellisor, 32, a two-time ex-convict.

Archie Lee, an unemployed butcher, had no police record, but Houston police knew his family.

Distantly related to the notorious Clyde Barrow, the Ellisor family lived in the waterfront district of Houston, all within a few blocks of each other. Merle, who'd been living

at a downtown hotel, was the only one with a police record.

In March, 1948, Merle was shot in the liver and lung by Homicide Detective R. D. Langdon after Langdon had arrested him for investigation. Merle tried to escape while they waited for an elevator in the old Police Station. Merle was sent to the Texas State Penitentiary in November, 1948, on a felony theft conviction.

He escaped in 1950, was captured five months later, and released on parole in October, 1954, only six weeks before Patrolman Crosby was killed.

Police converged on the Ellisor family neighborhood. It was past midnight. The members of the family that were home insisted they hadn't seen the Ellisor brothers. Officers took Paul Wolf with them.

Police staked out across the street from another relative's empty house heard their patrol car radio announce from the posse headquarters at the shooting scene. "One of them is hurt. We just found a tan suede jacket in the field, and it's got a bloody hole in the back."

Two o'clock slipped past. Crosby had been dead five hours when one of Ellisor's brothers-in-law drove his 1949 Oldsmobile down the street and pulled into the driveway. Officers moved in on it fast. The driver got out of the car, blinking at the flashlights and drawn pistols. Archie Lee Ellisor's wife was with him and began to cry.

Under intense questioning, the relatives admitted seeing Archie Lee. He'd come to the house in a taxi at about 11 p.m. He was scared and he wanted to borrow the Oldsmobile. He was gone with it for more than an hour. When he came back he asked the family

to take him to a hideout. They picked up his belongings from a Beaumont Highway motel and left him at another motel.

At 3 A.M., Houston police closed in on Archie Lee's cabin. At a signal they charged the door, kicking it down. There was silence. An officer switched on a light, and they saw Archie Lee sleeping with a blanket pulled over his head. Quickly they handcuffed him, pulling him from the bed, and he opened his eyes wearily.

At first he denied the shooting. Later he broke under questioning. "Merle did it," he said. "You've got to find my brother."

At headquarters he talked readily, urging police to find his wounded brother before he died. "Friday—just day before yesterday—we planned a hi-jacking. Merle and me and Charles Smallwood, an ex-con friend of Merle's. Smallwood said there was some guns in a tourist court and some money in quarters. Smallwood was driving a '53 or '54 Victoria with Louisiana plates. He had to change the plates, so all we drove to a dump near Sixty-ninth Street bridge to change them. They were rusted on the car so Merle and I left and went to my house. Merle told my wife to make me stay there, and then he left."

"Next morning, yesterday, at daybreak, Paul Wolf came and told me to come to his house quick. Merle was there. He had about \$130 in silver, a shotgun, a rifle and a .44-40 pistol. Paul and I went and got some money wrappers to roll the silver in. While we were out we got a *Houston Post* and read that Charles Smallwood had been shot and captured when cops stopped him with that stolen car and he tried to get away. Merle had gone ahead with the hi-jacking, and we was afraid Smallwood would get mad and tell us on us. So Merle got his things and I got mine and Paul Wolf took us to a tourist court on the Beaumont Highway. We wanted to be hard to find."

"After we rented the cabin, Merle gave Paul some money, and he and his wife went and got us some ammunition for the guns. Then we went out close to the Sheldon Reservoir and shot the rifle one time apiece. Except Paul's wife. She didn't shoot it."

"Later yesterday morning, Paul and his wife and my wife and babies, and I came out to our cabin. We got 'em some sandwiches and beer and decided to go on a picnic. We all went out the Wallisville Road and Merle shot the rifle some more until someone came up and told us to get out. We went back to the cabin and ate our lunch. Then everyone left except Merle and me. We decided to go out on the highway and drink beer. At one place Merle decided he wanted to make a date with the barmaid. We went to Paul's place and borrowed his car."

"We went back to our cabin and picked up all the guns because we couldn't lock the door and we didn't want anyone to steal them."

"Merle was driving. He started goofing our car right behind that motorcycle officer. The officer pulled off and let us go by. Then Merle started driving pretty fast and the cop took in behind us. We stopped on the shoulder and the officer walked up by the car on the driver's side. Merle grabbed up the pistol and shot one time and the officer staggered back and started shooting."

"Merle took off fast."

"Next thing I heard a siren back of us. This was towards town. Merle was driving

fast ahead of this car with the siren and there was a red light. Merle ran the red light and just beyond it he turned to the right and ran into a pile of dirt as there was no street as he thought. The car with the siren stopped right behind us. I started getting out and had the rifle in my hand and I heard Merle say the rifle is jammed. When he said this, I just automatically pulled the trigger. I saw Merle reach and get the shotgun and there was a lot of shooting and the next thing I remember was I was picking myself up from the back of the dirt pile."

"Merle and I started running across the prairie. Then I saw he was hurt. Merle said that the motorcycle cop hit him with his first shot and he thought he could feel the bullet in his chest. He was bleeding and he was weak. We ran across Lyons Avenue to the Mayes Brothers pipeyards. We climbed a fence—ten feet high with three strands of barbed wire on the top. Merle told me he'd gone as far as he could go and lay down on the ground. He said he'd get inside a pipe and hide. He gave me some money and told me to go take a cab and then get the Oldsmobile and come back for him. I called a cab from a nearby motel and went for the car. When I got back to the pipeyards I didn't see Merle. I cruised around, until I decided he must have gone on home. I took the car back and they wouldn't let me go looking for Merle again. They took me to Liberty."

AFTER Archie Lee's statement, police released Paul Wolf. He was not a murder suspect.

Archie Lee changed his story about firing the rifle every time he told it. But he wouldn't admit deliberately firing at the patrol car. At first he said Merle had the pistol tucked in his belt when he last saw his brother. Later, he said he saw Merle throw it away as they ran. Still later, he insisted Merle had handed him the pistol and he'd thrown it away.

Police wanted to be sure whether the killer was armed. At dawn, after the shooting, they took Archie Lee to the field to help the posse of 300 men searching for the gun. Archie Lee couldn't find the weapon. The posse burned the thick weeds and brought in a mine detector, but the gun wasn't found.

Deputy Scarborough had worked all night with his arm in a sling, helping direct the manhunt. As Archie Lee walked shivering through the brush, he came face to face with the wounded deputy.

"Do you know who that is?" an officer asked Archie Lee.

"No, sir," the handcuffed man said.

At the pipeyards, police found a man's brown leather shoe near the fence. On the other side, among stacked pipes, they found the mate to it.

Archie Lee identified them as Merle's. But there was no other trace of the wounded, barefoot, costless killer, or his gun.

Merle's description was broadcast throughout the Houston area. Six feet one, 155 pounds, dark, regular features, good-looking man, but a desperate killer. Wounded now. Cold and hungry. Like a trapped animal, he would rather kill and be killed than be put behind bars.

By radio and newspaper, Archie begged his brother to surrender. "Merle isn't a cop hater. The only reason he shot is that he was afraid he'd be found with a gun and sent back to

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prison for breaking parole. If he doesn't sur-
render he will die either from his wound or
cops will have to kill him."

It seemed impossible that the hunted man
could have escaped the police net and posse
that surrounded the area. Yet, Archie Lee had
brazenly cruised his brother-in-law's Oldsmo-
bile up and down the street near the pipe-
yard while 25 patrol cars and a posse of more
than a hundred officers were looking for him
in that area.

Deputy Scarborough examined the black
Chevrolet again to see if bloodstains or any
other clues would show how badly he'd
wounded Merle Ellisor. There was a nick in
the top edge of the front seat. The bullet had
sloshed there before it hit Ellisor. Doctors be-
lieved that if the bullet lodged high enough
in Ellisor's back, he was probably not seri-
ously wounded.

After 24 hours of constant searching, Deputy
Scarborough went home and slept Sunday
night, his first rest since he was shot.

A man, meanwhile, phoned police and said
that he'd seen a wounded man near his house.

Four squads of police answered the call.
The address was a vacant lot.
Other false tips poured in.

When court opened Monday morning,
Archie Lee and Merle Ellisor were charged
jointly in Justice Dave Thompson's court
with the murder of Patrolman Crosby.

A third brother was arrested and held on
the possibility that he might have helped
Merle escape. Officers were suspicious of the
family because of the help they'd given Archie
Lee.

Race footprints were found in a ditch near
the pipeyards. A bloody sheet was found on
a roadside between the scene of the shooting
and the family neighborhood of Anaheim.

On Monday night, Patrolman D. A. Kelley
brought his 18-year-old son, David, into head-
quarters and told him to tell the officers what
he'd told his father.

The boy told police that he and a 19-year-
old friend, Jack Wallace, were driving along
the busy Beaumont Highway, near the shoot-
ing scene, at about 5:30 p.m., Sunday, after
the shooting Saturday night. A man had
climbed down from the Clinton Drive over-
pass and stopped them.

He was barefooted and his feet were black
as if he'd walked in mud or cinders. He wore
a western shirt and blue jeans. He told the
boys that he'd been rolled while he was drunk,
and offered them \$5 to take him to the Ana-
hauk neighborhood.

Believing the man's story, the boys drove
the man to the wooded Anaheim water-
front district. On the way, Wallace no-
ticed blood on the back of the man's shirt
near his shoulder blade and about four inches
below his neck. The boy told him not to lean
back and bloody up the seat. The man didn't
seem to be hurt very bad.

The car radio was on, and a routine news
broadcast calmly announced the latest develop-
ments in the search for Ellisor. Still the boys
were not suspicious. They let the man out
near the bayou waters of Anaheim, and be-
paid them the \$5 in quarters—20 quarters.
Loot from the tourist court robbery was
mostly in quarters.

Later, remembering it, the patrolman's son
realized he must have transported the killer.
He told his father, and police heard his story
almost 24 hours after it happened.

Monday night, the posse shifted to the

Anahauk district. The hunt became the largest
in Houston's history. Twelve counties were
looking for the man, but officers clung to
their theory that they'd find their killer in
the Anahauk district.

Veteran Texas Ranger John J. Klevenhagen
sifted through all reports of crime Sunday and
Monday in the Anahauk waterfront area. He
studied two burglary reports from tugboats.
Merle Ellisor was once a tugboat hand.

Sunday night, a thief smashed a pilothouse
window of the tug *Leda Bee* at the Bludworth
Shipyard. He took two heavy brown blankets,
two sweat shirts and two pairs of shoes.

Monday night, a thief broke into the *Spit-
ter*, a tug moored just across the bayou from
the *Leda Bee*, and took canned food and a
tarpaulin that could be used for a tent. These
things would be necessities for Ellisor, hungry,
coatless, barefoot, hiding in the cold swamp.

Klevenhagen showed pictures of Ellisor along
the waterfront, and a crewman on the *Leda
Bee* identified it as the face of a man he'd
seen hanging around the dock.

ON Tuesday morning, the posse combed the
area. Every vacant house was searched.
The Ellisor relatives were questioned again.
While police talked with Paul Wolf, a corps of
police searched under a bayou next door to his
and found some of the loot from the tourist
court burglary Merle Ellisor committed the
night before the shooting. There was a blanket,
two glass piggy banks, and a rifle shell to fit
the stolen rifle used in the shooting.

When they showed it to Wolf, he admitted
hiding it there, but said he forgot to tell the
officers. Still, Wolf denied that he'd hidden the
hunted man. "If I knew where he was I'd
turn him in like that," he snapped his fingers.
"He's a cold-blooded killer. I wouldn't help
him for anything. He'll kill me if he ever sees
me again. You can give me a lie detector
test."

Officers agreed. Tests given that afternoon
proved he didn't know where Ellisor was. A
test given to Archie Lee Ellisor showed he was
lying about shooting the rifle and the where-
abouts of the pistol.

Wednesday morning, the third day after the
shooting, the newspapers announced that
Merle Ellisor was hiding in the Anahauk area.
Police telephones began to ring with tips at
daylight, and the posse prepared to follow
every lead. Detectives M. L. "Joe" Singleton
and E. E. Harrelson met in Detective Captain
Murray's office at 7:30 a.m. Murray briefed
them. They were to stay in the Bray's Bayou
area and follow leads from citizens. The two
detectives went home, changed into old khakis,
and met outside the city limits to test Joe's
28 Remington automatic sawed-off shotgun.

Joe wanted to be sure it would fire. He'd
need it, proving through heavy woods
looking for an armed killer who'd grown up
playing in there and knew every inch of it.
Merle Ellisor would be desperate, a wounded
trapped animal.

On the way to the neighborhood, the de-
tectives heard the radio dispatches give several
patrol cars a call to meet Texas State officers
at Bray's Bayou and Seventy-ninth Street.
A woman, whose home faces on the bayou,
had been drinking her morning coffee and
watching Texas Rangers beat the brush out-
side. As they worked away from her house,
she saw a man leap up from the bushes and
run into the woods toward Seventy-fifth
Street.

The autopsy failed to yield cause of death. Clothing believed hers was found—a jacket, yellowish-tan moccasins, souvenir-type clothing stamped *Old Mexico*. Nearby, police came across a man's handkerchief, leading them to believe a man had accompanied the body to the spot where it was found. But there were no bloodstains. Maybe Carol was murdered elsewhere, and the body carried to the marsh. Police questioned a 22-year-old Latin-American suspect and others. But the girl's death may never be solved. Underworld characters shrug their shoulders and say, "It might have been anybody."

A boyfriend who turned out to be a sex maniac? An angry pimp? Gangsters the girl tried to double-cross? Dope peddlers or addicts?

It could have been "anybody!"

On Thanksgiving Day one year before—earlier in 1953—fishermen on the Clear Fork of Trinity River found the nude body of a woman floating face down. Tire and tow chains, clamped together with haling wire pier-tight, were twisted around her neck, her waist, and her knees.

The body was identified as that of 25-year-old Patty Harmon, a stage-struck former Fort Worth high school beauty who'd sung with a small band and had even given Hollywood a try. Her first arrest was in 1948 on a narcotics charge. She turned call girl after that to satisfy her dope craving, and finally degenerated to a common street walker.

One officer recalls that "she'd crawl into a man's car and proposition him when he stopped at a street light."

She was arrested frequently on dope and vagrancy charges. Her last arrest was in Dallas, October 19, 1953, a month before her body washed up in the Trinity. The autopsy showed she died of a severe beating, possibly of strangulation. Police questioned pimps, a madam, a long list of customers from the dead girl's address book. Last month their last lead hit a dead end.

"It could have been anybody," a detective said.

Did Patty Harmon know too much about the dope and prostitution rackets? Did the syndicate liquidate her?

An underworld character offered this: "It must have been some sex maniac she picked up. It wasn't the syndicate. Machine guns and this kind of violence are outmoded now. The combination works with kid gloves. Besides, if they did it, they wouldn't have been so sloppy. They would have tied her to the bottom so she wouldn't float to the surface."

MURDERS like these happen in an area wide open for prostitution. A \$1 tip to the porter in a small hotel, \$5 in a large hotel, will bring a call girl to your room within 30 minutes in any major city in the Southwest.

Prostitution flourishes with the indifference or connivance of police. The Southwest is noted for its fine officers, but one rotten official can fill the fleshpots in any town.

In Houston, the former district attorney has been indicted for running a hawdy house. The former chief of police is under indictment on dope charges.

In Fort Worth, a sheriff and an assistant district attorney were indicted for taking payoffs from the underworld.

Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston and Oklahoma City police departments have been shaken up.

But prostitution booms. It is a full sister

to the other rackets, to dope pushing, and to gambling.

In Fort Worth, one of the wildest weekend towns in the Southwest, police say three procurers have built names for themselves. But "PIs," or procurers, say 30 or 40 professional procurers operate here, with several hundred prostitutes.

The king of Fort Worth-Dallas pimps is a bald, pig-faced, 45-year-old police character. Self-conscious about his baldness, he always wears a hat. Through his long career in vice and white slavery, he has been sent up only once on white slavery—a three-year hitch in Leavenworth. He has had the money and right answers to keep him free after more than 70 other arrests by city and federal authorities.

"I have standing orders for my men to arrest him every time he comes inside the city limits of Fort Worth," declares Police Chief Cato Hightower.

This arrangement, however, hasn't stopped him from living his own kind of life outside the city limits in Richland Hills, an exclusive Fort Worth suburb. His new \$50,000 home is on a quiet residential street in a block lined with other luxury homes.

The house is usually lit up like a Christmas tree. The owner, like many underworld characters, is a soft-spoken, frightened little man. He fears the dark. He fears the underworld. He fears the police. He fears publicity. He dies a little each time he sees his name in the newspaper.

Legend says his almost-grown son, in a private school hack east, hasn't the slightest idea how his father manages to keep him in school and to operate a pair of Cadillacs, the new home, a greyhound kennel for his racing dogs and a harem that a sheik would envy.

He even keeps his racket a secret from his neighbors. He always introduces the three or four girls, guests in his home, as "my nieces." A customer would never dare humiliate him or his girl guests by visiting the Richland Hills home. The girls are on call, and work in downtown Fort Worth hotels. He usually keeps three girls working in Fort Worth. They stay there three months, then vanish. They are never seen around Fort Worth again.

Other police characters believe they are shuttled to Las Vegas and other stations in a syndicate-controlled international flesh exchange. International woman trade is big business. Opposites attract. Japanese prefer blondes. Northerners like southern draws. Fair-haired southerners like olive-skinned girls from south of the border.

Federal officers think the man has an interest in a hotel in Alaska, and loads his girls in a chartered plane and ships them there after their Fort Worth tour. The G-men haven't caught him at it yet.

A rival procurer grins at this thought: "Who knows," he says, "maybe he's furnishing wives for those Alaskan pioneers."

The Texas prostitution racketeer hauls his racing dogs 700 miles to Colorado, where betting is legal. He is known as a successful gambler and a nervous man who is frantically trying to make legitimate business investments. His occupation on police records is listed "self employed."

Like many men at the top of a heap, he is a lonely man. "He has power, but not a single friend," others in the underworld say. Other PIs may hate his guts, as some of them do. But they admire him the way an aspirin

booster admires Mariano. They call his home in Richland Hills "headquarters for Prostitute Institute."

"He's a past master at getting girls he wants to work for him. He's smooth," a PI has said.

Procurers are noted for their smooth, persuasive ability.

One of them operated out of Dallas and was able to get girls from some of the best families in town. Now some of those girls are halfway around the world, selling their bodies for anything they can get.

A procurer looking for talent frequents taverns and nightclubs. He spots a blonde, blue-eyed teenager jumping to some music. She dances with everybody. Her blue jeans are rolled up to the knees. They are tight and faded. She hasn't had the clothes and the Cadillac money can buy. She's had a few drinks. She's a hit too gay. She's wild, or she wouldn't be in a place like this. She's been seduced by a couple of boys, smoked a marijuana reefer for a thrill. She doesn't know it, but she's ripe for prostitution.

The procurer dances with her, invites her for a ride. She's impressed by his Cadillac and his clothes. This is a man, not a boy, she thinks. He takes her home with him, drinks with her, entertains her, flushes a roll of money and peels off a hundred dollar bill, a gift because he "likes" her. She probably never saw a hundred dollar bill before. She's duly impressed. He treats her like a lady, asks her politely to be his guest for the night. Next day he drives her to the most expensive department store in Dallas and buys her a \$400 wardrobe. He hints that this high living could be hers for the taking. She need only to accept dates. He'd arrange everything.

The girl is naive. She doesn't realize the procurer has only a down payment on his flashy car. She doesn't know he bought the new clothes on credit, and that she is the one who will be paying for all these. The proposition looks like a chance to get rich, to have everything she always wanted just for showing some men a good time.

The girl is hooked into the racket. But if she gets rich, she's one in a million.

There are as many different ways for a girl to fall into the prostitution racket as there are prostitutes.

Last February, the FBI smashed a huge eight-state southern vice ring operating out of New Iberia, La. They found one out of ten girls in that chain of brothels held as a virtual slave, forced into prostitution and kept there by dope, beatings, or threats of death.

Such primitive white slavery in this modern age of sleek call girls shocked authorities. Even some elements in the underworld expressed mild surprise. Procurers insist it isn't necessary to resort to tricks to hook the girls because there are plenty of willing prostitutes. But so many unwary girls get hooked into the racket that some methods of snaring them are considered standard operating procedure.

Here's one way. The procurer spots a pretty girl he wants for his stable. She's the Bible Belt type, fresh and wholesome as country butter. She'll have to be handled delicately. He starts with the usual buildup, the big car, attention. He takes her to expensive night spots. He makes love. To him this is an investment that will pay eventual dividends. One day there is a birthday or holiday, an

and volunteer enough "scratch" to keep the cage looking the other way.

A Dallas procurer says: "Policemen deal with crums like me all the time. They know they're not going to stop prostitution. They don't make enough money to resist a payoff when it's offered. Periodically, they make a big splash by running all the characters in. It's against the law, what we're doing, so we pay a fine."

Here's more of the special vocabulary in the racket. Bigger business gals are prostitutes who check in at a hotel for 24 hours, ply their trade, then move on. Circuit drivers are those who stay in town a week, then move to other towns in the circuit. Girls from California move through the Arizona circuit, New Mexico, to El Paso, down to San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth and Dallas, over to Texasland and as far east as New Orleans.

Outlaws are prostitutes who work without procurers. A trick is a date. A turnout is the preparation—sales talk, buildup—to lure a girl into prostitution. Some procurers hoard that they can "turnout" a girl in 24 hours. A three-way-gal is one who takes "natural" and "unnatural" dates, including "French dates" and "Greek dates." A trick house is one where girls in scanty costumes mill around enticing customers. (Texasland and Fort Arthur, near army and industrial installations, have trick houses.) A freak is a customer who wants unnatural sex experience.

SOME "freaks" carry small whips. Some bring costumes they want the girl to wear. Any special costume is known in the racket as a trick suit.

Standard rates for southwestern call girls are \$10 for a short date, \$30 for a night. Rates vary. Time is an important element. Trick dates cost more. Regular customers get discounts. "The girls are their own best salesmen," a procurer has said. One wheedling customer offered \$5. "For \$5, I'll be out of here so fast you won't even know I've been here," the girl said.

A Houston oil man and his pilot flew to Fort Worth. They called for the two most expensive call girls in town. They were drunk and using big expense accounts. They gave the girls \$250 each. Next morning the oil man wrote each a check for an additional \$1000.

The story of the west Texas farmer made a millionaire overnight through an oil strike is legendary. He's the sugar daddy to two girls in Fort Worth, a third in Tulsa. Each, according to the legend, is paid \$25,000 a year just to be around and treat him nice when he comes to town.

Few girls strike oil, though.

The styles change in prostitution. But the old tricks remain the same. Grandpa rode Old Paint to an old fashioned "house." His grandson drives a '55 automobile to a motel and tips a porter to call a girl.

The Southwest got its start in prostitution when it was a frontier area, when the men outnumbered the women. The rewards for prostitution in frontiers are always greater than elsewhere.

The racket still has its law of supply and demand. The procurer scans the Dallas edition of a business newspaper, notifying himself of business opportunity. A multi-million dollar building contract is beginning at an East Texas town. He'll ship his women there.

In the old days, sex-starved cattlemen and

oil roughnecks visited redlight districts. Dogooders did away with the red lights. Today there are few real brothels—possibly only one big one in Fort Worth, a city of 300,000. Only two dim, neon-lit tourist courts stand on Jackboro Road, on the outskirts of town, where prostitutes "live in." These courts are known as "houses." They always have a string of prostitutes as permanent residents. The night our reporters checked these houses the porter poked his head in the car and clucked his tongue. "Ain't you got no girls, man? That's too bad, 'cause there's no business to-night." He walked his eyes backward. "The fuzz is setting right over there." A police car, lights off and nosed toward the tourist court, was parked across the highway.

Today in the Southwest any place—a taxi-cab, a suburban home, a house trailer, motel, hotel, or the back seat of a private automobile—affords a place for the prostitute to ply her trade.

The taxicab is a hot tool in the racket. It affords transportation, radio communication and a veneer of respectable business. A cab company in an Arkansas city is the front for the prostitution ring there.

Prostitution takes many forms. A housewife or secretary may sell her charms while her husband is out of town. She uses the money to help pay for a new fur coat or a new automobile. Standard rates for lady amateurs are \$100 to \$150, plus cost of liquor and food for a full night of entertainment in a private home. A tip to a Fort Worth cab driver will lead you to one.

Many "massage" parlors are fronts for the prostitution racket. There are 20 of these parlors in Dallas, half a dozen in Fort Worth, 20 in Houston, 15 in San Antonio. They advertise in the telephone books and in the daily newspapers to rub your back for \$2.

Literary magazine crews are sometimes fronts for the racket. The girl salesmen sell a few subscriptions to national magazines. This gets them around the vagrancy statutes. They do have a "visible means of support." But they actually make their money by hustling. The crew, with its male manager, stays in town only a day, then speeds to the next town.

One source claims that a man owns two joints called the Mexican Inn No. 1 and No. 2, and that this is the Dallas-Fort Worth clearing house for the Mafia. Syndicate operations in prostitution are supposedly handled in Fort Worth on the lieutenant level by a character known as Sundown. He can't talk plain and operates out of a small hotel.

Underworld characters will tell you only that the bigger white slavers here have tie-ups with gamblers and criminals in other large cities, that they don't know who the big houses are.

Other sex rackets are closely allied with prostitution. A 39-year-old peroxide blonde lives in Fort Worth, but operates her racket in cities throughout the Southwest. She drives a Cadillac, pulls up to a curb, bonks, waves at a sucker and offers him a ride. In the car, she cuddles up to him, lifts his wallet, and soon lets him out. If he has discovered his wallet is gone, she acts insulted when he expresses suspicion. Usually he never knows his money is gone until the Cadillac has sped away in a fog of exhaust fumes. This blonde's record is two pages long. Probably four out of five victims never complain because they don't want their wives and friends to know.

Carroll Basic aims were warned against jacking up girls in Fort Worth and Dallas bars. Recently an air force captain met a beautiful girl in a restaurant. She seemed so innocent, he felt guilty about offering her a drink. She accepted, lightly sipping and giggling. She said she was a school teacher from a small town in west Texas. He invited her to his hotel room. Shyly and reluctantly it seemed to the captain—she agreed to go "For a little while, just to talk." He ordered a drink brought to the room, and failed to see her doctor it. When he woke up he had a headache, but no money—and no girl.

Percentage or B girls operate in bars, persuading customers to buy drinks. The girls vanish as soon as the customer is milked of his money. They are paid by managers to stimulate bar business. Some are prostitutes. Some graduate to prostitution.

Another sex racket in the Southwest is the showing of lewd films and participation in "live" sex shows for stag parties. The shows are supposed to be for private "clubs." Actually, you can buy a ticket for \$2 from a cab driver. The shows start with legitimate dancing. They may end with anything. Last year the police raided a Fort Worth show just as a pair of performers had stripped to the flesh and a teenager had leaped into the ring and tried to join the act.

Some of the sex films are distributed nationally. Others use "local talent." A Dallas photographer specializes in catching businessmen in compromising embraces with strip trasers, prostitutes and "actresses" in live stag shows. The photos are later used for blackmail purposes.

Deceit and prostitution are twins, sisters to the gambling and shakedown rackets. The best guesses of PT's and police indicate that one out of every four prostitutes in the Southwest is a junkie. That is, 25 percent require narcotics every day or they will suffer terrific withdrawal pains. They earn money and they rely on their agents—their old men—to provide narcotics.

ALMOST all prostitutes smoke marijuana—at least occasionally. Most of them have special tricks to obtain a "sensation." Benzadrine is a favorite to keep awake. "You can't make money when you're asleep," the girls tell you.

Another favorite is a "benney and redhird"—a benzadrine tablet and a redhird pill, which try to work in opposite directions. One tries to put you to sleep. The other tries to keep you awake. This gives the "sensation."

The late Lols Green and his wife, June, were go-betweens for PT's and prostitutes who needed dope and the people who could provide it. Green was the leader during the Forties of the notorious "Green Gang of Forty Thieves" operating out of Dallas. He was shot down in front of Joe Bonds' Sky Club in an unsolved murder.

Bonds operates three clubs and was arrested recently on charges involving three teenage girls. Two of the girls who were to have been state witnesses vanished before the trial. The third testified, swearing that she had been offered \$400 to leave the state.

On December 1, 1954, Bonds was sentenced to eight years on the charge. He and his wife broke down and cried.

A \$50 call girl may not have the price of a phone call in her purse. She's turned over all her earnings to her agent, the PT. What

makes her the personal slave of her "old man!"

Most PI's claim it's love. She not only needs a business agent. She's starved for affection. The PI gives her both.

"The girls get no sexual delight in their dates with the customers. None at all," one PI says. "They're just looking at their watch."

"An old man and old lady are like this. Say you've worked all day. You come home tired and down on the world. You come home and the wife has your slippers laid out, your pipe and smoking jacket waiting for you. She meets you with a kiss. You feel real great. She mixes you a drink. And then you know it's all worthwhile, the misery of the work you've done. You see what I mean?"

"Well, it's the same way with an old lady. She's had some rough dates. Maybe a couple of them were drunks. She doesn't like drunks. But when she gets out work, her old man treats her like a lady, tells her she's beautiful. She loves it. She thinks you're the greatest, man!"

"It's a matter of understanding, and pimps have understanding and affection that a lot of men don't have," the procurer says modestly. "You know there's some good in any guy. Take a musician. The old ladies go for musicians, because the musician treats the prostitute like a lady. If I got a philosophy it's this. Treat a prostitute like a lady and a lady like a prostitute. If you do that, man, you'll get along real great with all the women."

DALLAS call girls make the Texas circuit—Port Arthur, Galveston, Houston. They're gone three weeks, and the fourth week, they return with their earnings to their old men, who have stayed home all the time. Call girls—like burglars and safecrackers—prefer to work away from home, where cops don't know them.

Do the girls ever hold out money on their old men?

"Rarely," says the PI. "But she may try to hold out money from the hotel porter. The old lady with several hundred dollars may be tempted to turn outlaw and hold out and try to quit the business, or even book up with another old man."

"That," says the PI, "is when the fight starts."

It's easy to spot a prostitute and her PI

mate. They party together in hole-in-the-wall places with "their own kind of people." But when he takes her out on the town they pick the choice spots.

The dress of southwestern pimps is almost a uniform. They seldom wear business suits, usually only sports coats without neckties.

It's an upside down world where money commands a little more respect than anywhere else, where men sell the women they profess to love, and women sell themselves for \$10.

"Some of these girls wouldn't trade places with anyone," a procurer has said. "Some of them couldn't, if they wanted, be anything except what they are."

A white slaver is proud of his stable of women, just as a race horse man is proud of the horseflesh he owns. To the panderer, his women are female animals, desirable and saleable to all men. They are investments, property that will make money for him, buy him automobiles, clothes, liquor. When he thinks of these things, it isn't hard for him to sell her.

In the prostitution racket, the sex code of right and wrong is reversed from the normal. Here, a woman sacrifices for her lover by selling herself to others. There's another code to live by down here, square shooting and loyalty and a special kind of honesty within the fraternity.

A procurer will argue that these virtues offset some of those that society feels are being trampled upon.

"The old ladies make marvelous wives," he will tell you. "There's just a lot more to the old ladies than most women. They have a deeper understanding of people, more of a respect for the basic fundamentals of fair play."

Some of the girls abandon prostitution, marry their PI or someone who may never learn of their background in the sex racket. Some establish liaisons with wealthy sugar daddies.

But few ever really come into the big dough on their own. While the slavers who own her get rich, the prostitute often goes penniless. Actually, the most she can hope for, facing the future realistically, is a little house "all her own."

And the odds of her getting even this are small. She may wind up in the dark world of dope addiction, in the gutter—or the river.

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phony. Several times he'd called "Steve" and "Bannon" and the Barker hadn't responded. And when you've been in the business as long as the manager had been in it, you get to sense when a guy's using a phony name or the real thing.

Well, the manager thought, maybe the cops were after the kid. But what was he running from?

Did he run a crooked wheel with a show in the South once? Did he leave some girl pregnant in a small town? Did he slip out of a show with the receipts one night?

THE manager had talked to the young Barker, asked him about his past. The kid had said he was from the coast—and that was all he'd said.

The manager had shrugged at the time and let it go at that. He could handle his show, he knew. The most this Steve fellow, if that was his name, could get off with was a couple of pocketful of half dollars. And the manager would just as soon have a young, nervous guy that he could talk working for him, than some of the more wisened grifters you get in this business.

"Steve, about every time we hit another town you get the jumps," the manager said that night. "I've paid you up when you quit three other times, and you've come back the next day to work. You've been doing a good job, but enough's enough. If you quit now you've had it. You can come back again, but you don't get the hootch show. I've promised Ernie the hootch gigs the next time you take off."

Steve looked around, out of the tent doorway. Nobody was looking in from the outside. He thought for a long moment. Then he said all right—he'd stick.

The next day the carnival moved to another small town in northern Illinois. And that night a strange thing happened.

A small group of Marines joined the crowd in front of the hula platform. Steve took one look at them, cut his spiel short and walked away and out of the lot. He didn't even bother to ask the manager for his dough that night.

A couple of weeks later, the carnival was playing near Chicago. One morning, the manager went into a post office to pick up some mail.

He was casually scanning the bulletin board while waiting on line when an FBI Wanted poster caught his eye. It was Steve Bannon, the Barker, in a Marine's outfit.

Under the heading of *Wanted By The FBI*, was the name Rodney William Herman and the words "Unlawful Flight To Avoid Prosecution (Murder)."

There were the usual double rows of fingerprints, then the mugshots underneath, and alongside the mug was the description—"20 years old; five feet, 11 inches tall; slender; brown hair and eyes; fair complexion. Occupations include amusement park ticket taker. Said to be highly nervous and to laugh hysterically on occasion. . . . Caution, this man may be armed and should be considered extremely dangerous."

A few minutes later the carnival manager was talking to an FBI agent by phone. He said he was sure the jittery Barker who had quit his show was Rodney William Herman. No, he said, he hadn't ever seen the tattoo on Herman—tattoos, he learned now, which included "U.S." on the upper right arm, a dagger-and-sword motif on the lower left arm,

and the old saber-and-snake design on the right forearm.

"I don't think I ever saw him with his sleeves rolled up," the manager said.

And so the FBI started following another lead for Rodney William Herman. If it were a false lead, it wouldn't be the first one. For leads on the fellow had already been run down in Arkansas, California and even Alaska.

It was considered likely, however, that Herman would be in northern Illinois at the time. He was familiar with that territory. He was of course, also familiar with northern Wisconsin. But it wasn't likely that he'd show up around there if he could help it.

The last time young Herman was seen in northern Wisconsin was in April of 1953, in the small town of Fifield, some 50 miles south of Lake Superior.

The people of Fifield area had heard a lot about Rodney William Herman before they'd ever gotten to see him. They'd heard it from Norris Welch, a proud old Spanish-American War veteran whose two favorite subjects were the war and his grandson. "Rodney, a fine handsome boy, joined the Marines," he would say. "Of course, it's not like when I was with Teddy Roosevelt, but still a Marine is something."

On April 26, 1953, Rodney Herman came to visit and, almost immediately, his grandfather drove him into town just to show him off to his neighbors.

"Come all the way from California to visit his grandpa," he beamed, "and talk a little soldiering. You won't find many nowadays who'll spend their furloughs with their grandpa."

Nobody saw old man Welch for a week after that. Then, on Friday, May 1, two men stopped to pay a call at his place.

It was a three-room log cabin Welch had built himself on a bluff overlooking the Flambeau River, nine miles west of Fifield. Welch had been a logger in his younger days and loved the forest and the river. He'd built the cabin some time ago, and spent his time chopping on his 80 acres and selling wood to the pulp mill. He also did some saw filing. And so with the pension check he got every month from the government, the 80-year-old man was able to get along, as he would say, "Just fine and proper and have plenty of time left over for hunting."

The two men knew that Welch wouldn't go off hunting in May. Besides, they could see through a garage window that his truck was still there. They became wary when he didn't answer the knock on his door and they didn't see him on his land or by the river. Welch, they knew, always left his key on the porch for friends to make use of his cabin when he was away. And now the key wasn't there!

The two men drove to nearby Park Falls, notified Police Chief Herbert Hinton, who in turn called Sheriff George Heinzel of Price County at Phillips, the county seat.

A short time later Sheriff Heinzel, Under-sheriff William Martin and some townspeople arrived at the log cabin. They forced the door leading to the garage, which was attached to the house.

Norris Welch, his face crushed beyond recognition, was lying dead on the steps leading from the garage to the basement. His dog, a Springer spaniel, stood vigil over the body. There were dark brownish blood splashes on the body, the stairs, and all through the basement.

At first glance it appeared that the old man had been beaten to death. But then the officers found six empty .22-caliber shells around the steps and in the kitchen which adjoined the garage.

Welch's hat lay a few feet from the body. There was a small round hole through the back of it.

"Most have been shot from behind. The first shot knocked off the hat," the sheriff said. An investigation of the house showed that everything was in order. The old man's possessions were all there, including his .22-caliber repeater rifle which was in a rack in the bedroom. There was only a nickel in his pockets. No other money was found in the house. Robbery was established as the motive.

Police now proceeded to establish the date of death. Welch's mailbox, out on the highway, was examined. It contained a lot of mail, the postmarks indicating that some of the pieces had been delivered as far back as April 24, a week earlier. One of these pieces was Welch's pension check, postmarked April 23. "Sure wouldn't have left his pension check in the box more'n a day," one man told the sheriff.

Another man said he recalled seeing Welch in the Fifield store the previous Friday. "He was with his grandson, that young Marine. I saw the boy in town later that day. . . . I'll bet when he finds out about this, he'll come back and try to get his hands on his grandpa's killer."

The sheriff wrapped a handkerchief around the .22-caliber rifle and took it out of the rack in the bedroom. "Maybe so," he murmured, looking carefully at the gun. "Maybe so."

The body was taken into Phillips for an autopsy, and the cabin was locked up. Then deputies started asking their questions.

No, no one in that stretch of Highway 70 had been bothered by prowlers, been burglarized or seen strangers on the road in weeks. Not many people pass that way, and in the thinly-populated area everybody knows exactly who belongs. A lot of hunters come up there, true—but not in the spring.

The police in Park Falls and Fifield checked. They'd had no robberies or burglaries reported to them in the last ten days.

News about the murder had made the complete round by that night and dozens of folks gathered in the stores in Fifield and talked about nothing but poor Old Man Welch. The big question was: Who could have done it? Nobody seemed to come up with a logical explanation.

FIRST off, Welch's pension check had still been in the mailbox when he was killed and so chances were that he didn't have more than a few dollars on him at the time.

"Must have been somebody traveling down the highway," one man said, "somebody who passed the cabin and saw the old man and figured what an easy time he'd have robbing him."

But who would be traveling along Highway 70? Fifield was nine miles east, but surely none of the 500 people there would kill Welch for a few dollars. And when you keep going east on Highway 70 past Fifield, you don't hit a town for about 50 miles. If you travel west on the highway from Welch's cabin, all you get for miles are a few small settlements like Oshew and Draper.

Nobody had noticed any strange cars on

woman liked a good time and there weren't many places to take her in and around Richmond. So he started driving her into Chicago on Saturday nights. He seemed a little wary at first, but as time went by he stopped worrying about going into the big town, at night, anyway.

Then things began to get serious between Bannan and the divorcee, and the other filling station employee heard there might be a wedding soon. Steve appeared more relaxed than when he'd first begun working in Richmond. Sure, sometimes he'd still get a little odd when he'd get one of those staring-type customers and wear his cap pulled down to hide half his face. But it wasn't near as bad as when he first came to Richmond, when he always asked for the night work, when he'd always seem to be looking down at the floor or the pavement.

The fellow who called himself Steven Shane Bannan had been all tensed up for a year and a half, expecting a firm hand to be clapped on his shoulder at any moment.

But after a year and a half a guy can get a

little carless and do useless things—like working days, making trips into the big city . . . like visiting relatives in Genoa City, a small Wisconsin town about 15 miles from Richmond.

Yes; this Bannan fellow began to relax his end of the game with the FBI. But he should have realized that the FBI never relaxes. His presence in Wisconsin was soon known to federal agents, and they started moving in.

It was a Monday afternoon, November 22, 1954. This Bannan fellow was driving from Richmond to Genoa City for another visit with the relatives when a black sedan pulled up alongside his car on Highway 12 and forced him to halt.

The two men who got out of the car weren't in uniform. They flashed their credentials. They were federal agents.

The young fellow made his last desperate play with the driver's license, Social Security card, bunting and fishing license and other phony credentials made out to a Steven Shane Bannan.

But an hour later he was in the Milwaukee office of the FBI talking to James Poster, special agent in charge, who showed him the comparison of his fingerprints and the set taken at Camp Pendleton, Cal. of one Rodney William Herman.

"Well?" Poster said.

The young man nodded. He admitted that he was Herman, that he shot his grandfather. He'd shot the old man after an argument about "family matters," he said, went crazy after the first shot and didn't remember how many shots he fired after that. He admitted too, that he'd taken the old man's money.

Sheriff Heider didn't go for all of Herman's story. "He was AWOL for a month before the shooting," he said. "He didn't feel about the armed service the way his grandpa did. He didn't want to go back. He needed money to keep on the move. He saw Welch cash the check, and . . ."

Herman signed a confession and was arraigned on November 29. At this writing, he is being held without bond in the Price County jail awaiting trial.

The Cat Boy: He Was My Only Friend

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a good bunch." Whatever the theories and hunches, however, the police of the Forty-first Squad were interested primarily in just one thing at the moment—to find the man or boy responsible for putting the bullet in Nicky's brain.

They began by rounding up some 40 neighborhood boys. The group was a cross-section that ranged from white boys to colored boys to Puerto Rican boys, from had boys to pretty-had boys to not-so-had boys. It was a quick, easy roundup. A dozen cops and detectives combed the neighborhood and picked up whoever they found in the candy stores, the poolrooms, the top few rows of the balconies at two local movie houses, the "social-athletic" club rooms, even—cold as it was—in Crotona Park and the section there known by the various neighborhood gangs as The Jungle, where, summer or winter, soaking armpits or freezing toes, some of the boys will meet to ask what's new and then proceed to scheme up something newer, if things are getting kind of stale—a little robbery, a little stomping, a little stink-bombing, a little rocks-and-broken bottle war on another gang.

There were about 40 boys at headquarters by the time the police got through and one by one the boys were put through sharp, methodical quizzing—a few fast questions, a few fast notes, and then it was either all-right-you-can-go or stick-around-we-want-to-talk-to-you.

There were eight boys who got the stick-around treatment, and it was close to one o'clock the next morning, Saturday, when detectives were in the midst of grilling them and challenging their alibis for 6:30-to-7 p.m. that night, when two boys—one tall and gangly, the other a little less tall and stout—walked into the station house and said they wanted to talk to somebody about Nicky Scochemaro.

The gangly one did most of the talking. He and his pal, he said, had been to the movies and had gotten out about an hour earlier and had just learned about Nicky's murder. They'd

seen him earlier that night, the boy said. . . .

The detective who'd been listening smashed out his cigaret. "When?" he asked.

. . . At about 6:30, the boy went on. They'd been walking past Nicky's sister's house and he'd come out and called to them. He was headed for home, he said. He'd walk them part of the way.

"How far'd he walk with you?" the detective asked.

"Up to the corner of Charlotte, his street," the gangly boy said and the stout boy nodded. "It's about three blocks. We walked him up to there and we stopped and talked for a while."

"What about?" the detective asked.

"Cars," the gangly boy said. He looked down.

The stocky boy nudged him.

"Then what?" the detective asked.

"Then. . ."

"Yeah?"

"Then we left . . . and just as we left we saw what's-his-name walk over to Nicky."

"What's whose name?"

"Billy," the gangly boy said. "Billy, the Cat Boy."

THE detective frowned. "The Cat Boy?" he said. "He's up in reform, isn't he?"

The two boys shook their heads. He'd been up there, yeah, they said; up in Warwick, the reformatory up in the country. But a few weeks earlier, they said, he'd gotten a special three-day pass and he'd taken off and never gone back and they'd seen him tonight, talking to Nicky Scochemaro, just a few minutes before Nicky was killed.

The detective closed his eyes. This was probably it, he thought. It wasn't normal for him or usual for him to feel sorry for a killer. But Billy, he thought right off, was probably the killer of Nicky Scochemaro—and he felt very sorry.

Billy was 14 years old. He was a tall, stocky, sad-eyed, pimple-chinned colored boy.

He was called the cat boy because he lived like an alley cat, taking what food he could get from wherever he could get it, roaming the East Bronx streets by day, and by night sleeping on tenement roofs if the weather was warm and in tenement cellars if it was cold.

It wasn't that Billy had no family. Like a lot of other kids, he had a mother and a father and sisters and brothers. But Billy's father, according to a probation report written up on the boy once, was a World War I veteran who "receives a small monthly allowance but who is unable to work regularly." Billy's mother, the report goes on, has had to assume the family burden "and works days and nights, as a domestic mother, cleaning one apartment after another, cooking one family's meals after another, taking care of one family's babies after another. . . . She is an extremely overworked and high-strung woman and her temper is understandably short. . . . She is the mother of six children, Billy being the youngest, and has been known to beat the children at the slightest provocation."

One of Billy's brothers, the report continues, was in a mental institution. He was sent there when he was seven years old. He has never been released.

A half-brother took to dope at a young age, got in with a bad crowd, was recently arrested on a robbery charge and was now serving time in Sing Sing.

Another brother was in Sing Sing on a similar charge.

A sister was in a home for wayward girls. And Billy, the baby, had had his share of trouble. A few months earlier—he was only 13 then—he'd been picked up for petty stealing and had been taken to The Bronx Children's Court.

"What's your name?" the judge had asked him.

"Billy," he'd said.

"Where do you live, Billy?"

"Around," the boy had said.

"Not with your family?"

Midway through the fight a crowd gathered around the boys and one man, a tall, burly brawler, took a look at what was going on and called out, "Hey, you guys, leave that poor kid alone!" He reached over and tugged Larry Schochomano's arm. "Leave him alone, I said!"

Larry didn't listen. He and his pal, Sam, continued to hit Billy like it.

The man muttered something and then he reached over again, this time grabbing Larry's collar in one hand and Sam's in the other. He pulled them back, off Billy. "What the hell you think you guys are doing?" he asked them.

Larry was sobbing, still taking swings at the air. "He's the one," he said. "He's the one..."

Billy, his jacket ripped, a trickle of blood pushing out from the corner of his mouth, got up from the pavement, looked around and began to walk away.

"He's the one," Larry said, "who killed my brother?" He began to struggle with the man. "Let me go," he shouted, wildly. "Let me at him. Let me go!"

He broke away from the big man's grip on

the last word and a minute later he and Billy were at it again and the crowd around them had grown bigger by this time and a woman who'd been driving by stopped to look and another woman ran into a hardware store shouting, "Get the police... Get the police!"

But it wasn't necessary to get the police. A big truck had pulled up to the curb. There were two men in the cab. One was Albert Popkin, 42. The other was Benjamin Burriest, 33. Burriest lived in the neighborhood and recognized Larry and remembered reading only a few days before that his kid brother, Nicky, had been killed. He jumped out of the truck and ran over, through the crowd and to the boys. He pulled Larry back and asked what was wrong. Larry told him. Then Burriest called out to Popkin to keep the hold he'd already gotten on the weeping Billy who began to mumble, as he did later at the police station when being questioned by detectives: "I didn't mean to do that to Nicky... I met him on the corner and all I told him was that I had a gun I stole and did he wanna see it... He was a good guy, Nicky; he was a good pal to me... He said yeah, he wanted to see it and we went into the

alley behind that house there... We started by aiming at some cans down in the alley... I took two shots at the can first, and I missed... Then Nicky, he took a shot and he missed... And then, then he gave me back the gun and I was holding it and it got pointed at Billy's head and it went off... It was an accident... I swear I didn't mean it... I swear I didn't mean to kill Nicky like that... I swear!"

Detectives made Billy talk it out for a couple of hours that afternoon. Then they took him back to the Charlotte Street backyard and made him re-enact what had happened when he'd been with Nicky that Friday night.

When it was all over they told him that they believed him about it having been an accident.

"He was my friend," Billy said, grabbing a detective's arm after he was told this. "He was really my only friend, I guess."

The detective nodded.

Then he took Billy to Children's Court where a judge ruled that he had to go back to the reformatory at Warwick for an indefinite period.

Panic in High Gear

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"That's a color used by Buick in 1953." "You sure of that?"

Kirk was slightly offended. "Certainly," he said. "It's a very distinctive color of gray, strongly tinted to green. In fact it looks more green than gray. When you see Jordan Gray outdoors, your first impression is that it is green."

The scientist told Forth to look for a car with damage in the engine hood. "I'm pretty sure that's where the paint came from. If it had been a fender, you would have found broken glass, and by the way—save some of the victim's hair. We may need it later."

Forth's next move was to get a list of northern California Buick dealers from the Buick division of the General Motors Corporation in San Francisco.

"You've got quite a bit of work on your hands," a Buick executive warned him. "There were 33,000 of our cars sold in California in 1953. And most of them were two and four-door sedans like you're looking for."

"How many Jordan Gray sedans?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. But you've got a better break there. That was one of the least popular colors last year."

Chief Forth rang for Sergeant Claude "Frenchy" Marchand, a stocky, pipe-smoking detective who has handled many tough cases for the department.

"This is going to be your baby," Forth said, throwing him the list of Buick agencies. "I'll give you Watts. He was at the scene last night, and Inspectors Bob Hopkins, Elmer Herrier, and Keith Bennett. Put some organization into it, or you'll never get anywhere."

Frenchy Marchand began by stoking his pipe. Then he wrote form letters for mailing to Buick dealers and auto body repair shops throughout the nine counties of the San Francisco Bay area.

The letter to dealers briefly described the

case and asked for names and addresses of all purchasers of 1953 Jordan Gray sedans. The other letter asked auto body repair firms to report any request for work on Buicks of that model and color.

Marchand's orders did not appeal to his crew of four inspectors, but he was adamant.

"You guys are going to be clerks and stamp-lickers for a while," he said, grinning. "Get these two letters mimeographed. Then get a few hundred envelopes and address them out to these Buick agencies and every little fender-body shop in the Bay area."

Knowing it would take a few days for replies to start coming in, Marchand killed time by posting watch on Bay Bridge Boulevard every night. There was a chance, he knew, that the hit-and-run driver was a commuter using the road regularly.

SEVERAL gray 1953 sedans were stopped, but none showed any body damage. Two drivers who seemed unusually nervous were questioned closely. One proved to be concerned about the fact that his operator's license had expired. The other was worried because he was three payments behind on his car; and thought the finance company was after him.

By November 3, when response from dealers and body shops began to arrive in the mail, Marchand knew he had a real job on his hands. Every agency was coming in with the names of five to 15 purchasers. It was a matter of going out and ringing doorbells now.

As the days passed, the five detectives slipped into the routine of the investigation. They marked a map of the Bay area into grids, dividing the work among themselves on the basis of addresses of car owners. They found that the simplest procedure was to call at the house, identify themselves and ask to inspect the car.

Most of the cars were easy to eliminate. If

they were free of damage and bore no signs of recent repairs, they were scratched off the list.

On the second day of the legwork, when the crew was just cutting its teeth, a call came in from a fender shop in San Leandro, a community adjacent to Hayward.

"I got your letter," the repairman said excitedly. "That car that you're looking for is in my shop right now. It just came in this morning. Better get out here right away."

Two officers made a hurry-up trip to San Leandro. It looked good. The car was a '53 Buick sedan, Jordan Gray.

The front bumper, grill and hood were dented as if by a minor collision.

The garage owner said he was immediately suspicious when the automobile arrived in the shop.

"It was a woman," he explained. "She was all upset. Kept telling me it was a cash deal and I'd have to do the work as fast as possible. Said she didn't want her husband to know about it. I asked if she'd reported to the police, like you have to do on any accident over \$100 under that new State law. She said no, she just couldn't do that."

The officers asked for her name and address.

She was a frail, subdued little woman, middle-aged and plainly frightened, the wife of a prominent San Leandro businessman. She chapped her hand over her mouth with a cry when the detectives asked her to explain the damage to her car.

"Oh, I didn't think it would come to this! Isn't there any way I can keep it from my husband? I just couldn't face him if he knew!"

"Lady, this is a lot more important than you or your husband. Suppose you just give us the facts."

The woman nodded hopelessly. "I'm so ashamed! I should have told my husband when it happened. He's always talking about

my driving, how I go too fast. It just happened before I could stop."

One of the officers nodded. "And then you got scared?"

"That's right," the woman said, eagerly. "That's exactly what happened. I came in the driveway too fast and lost control and hit the old syncamore before I could stop. Then I was so frightened, I just put the car in the garage and didn't say a word to my husband."

The inspectors nodded as they backed away. "Just forget we were here, ma'am."

The case of the lady in the driveway was the springboard for many low-grade jokes in the Hayward Police Department. But by November 8 there wasn't a man on the case who had not had a similar experience.

Dozens of false leads had to be run down. Some of them took up to half a day of one man's time to check out. It seemed to Frenchy Marchand that half the population of Alameda County was riding around in Jordan Gray 1953 Buicks, most of them with suspicious dents on the fenders.

It was a weary and discouraged group of officers who assembled in Chief Forth's office on the evening of November 8.

Forth scratched his gray hair and sucked on endless cigarettes. "Getting no place fast, eh, Frenchy?"

Marchand puffed angrily on his smoking briar. "I ran a count this afternoon. We've checked out more than 300 individual 1953 sedans in that color, and we're just getting warmed up."

"Still got enough names to keep the boys busy?"

"Boy! These dealer lists are still coming in the mail. Look. Here's one came this afternoon from some outfit in San Francisco—Remsenperger Buick Company, five names: man named Watkins, in San Mateo; Kennan, East Oakland; Parcell, Alameda; Diskson, Walnut Creek; Steinberg, over in Frisco. We're keeping up pretty good, though. We'll cover all five of these tomorrow."

"That's all you can do," Forth said. "Stay with it."

"We'll stay, all right," Marchand said. "But we could sure use a little good luck for a change."

Later that night, while Officer Keith Bennett was mapping his doorknob route for the next day, a Hayward resident named Donald Junge came to the police station to pay a parking ticket. The two men got to talking—Bennett about his needle-in-the-haystack assignment on the bit-run case, Junge about his pet pipe; that an honest citizen got tickets for overparking five minutes, while drunk and reckless drivers almost never got caught.

Junge was telling about a wild driver he noticed one night recently while driving north to Hayward from San Jose.

"You can never find a cop when you want one," Junge said. "This guy came weaving past me in a big Buick, pretty near took my door-handle off. I started following him, thinking I'd turn him in. He acted like he was all powed up. I kept watching for a patrol car, but I never saw one. The guy finally turned off . . ."

A tiny seed of hope took root in Bennett's mind. "When was this?"

"Well, it was a Thursday. A week ago Thursday," Junge glanced at the calendar on the wall. "October 18."

Bennett almost hated to ask the question, it was such a ridiculous coincidence. "What

kind of a car did you say it was? What color?"

"It was a Buick sedan, kind of light green color. About a '53."

Bennett pressed him for details.

Well, it seemed the car had passed Junge at Warm Springs on the San Jose freeway route, about 16 miles north of Hayward. Junge thought it was about 7:15 p.m. He tailed the car north to Decoto, six miles from Hayward, till the car turned into a filling station. Junge went on toward Hayward. A couple of minutes later, the car passed him again.

"This time I stayed behind him till we got to Jackson Street in Hayward. He turned off there toward the San Mateo Bridge."

"I wish you had seen a cop that night," Bennett said. "It might have prevented a tragedy."

"YEAH," Junge said. "I would have gone to a police station and reported him. Only trouble was, I didn't get his whole license number."

Bennett stared at him. "You got part of it?"

"First four numbers . . . I've still got it, I think," Junge fumbled through his wallet and came up with a scrap of paper. "Sure, here it is. Starts with IG17. Had three other numbers I didn't get."

After Junge left, Bennett drove to Decoto, wondering if there was any chance that the story would check.

His answer, supplied by the Shell service station attendant, Leslie Michael, was an emphatic yes. He remembered the big gray-green Buick sedan swerving into the station, kicking up gravel from the road shoulder.

"He didn't want gas," Michael said. "He wanted to know the way to Oakland. I told him he was right on the road. He'd had a few, I guess. An old guy, gray-haired. He took off like a hot rod."

Sergeant Marchand took it from there with a telephone call to the State Department of Motor Vehicles in Sacramento. He supplied the partial license number and asked for a list of completed numbers in that grouping for autos registered in the San Francisco Bay Area.

A list of more than 50 registrations came into the Hayward police department by teletype at about noon, November 9.

About half the numbers were in San Francisco. Chief Forth asked the San Francisco police accident prevention bureau to check on the three or four Buicks in that section of the list. Those in the East Bay he turned over to Frenchy Marchand.

Marchand put Watts and Bennett to work. "There's one here I'd check right away," he told Bennett. "This fellow Leo Purcell, in Alameda. He was on one of those Buick agency lists we were going to run out today, anyway."

Bennett found Parcell at his huge swimming pool on Central Avenue in Alameda, near what used to be the city's recreation beach. Parcell was a widely-known private swimming instructor, a big, gray-faced arthritic man of 56.

There had been a time long ago when Leo Purcell was a famous athlete—a Catalina Island distance swimmer, one of the first men to swim around Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, and a member of the Olympic Club championship water polo team in 1926.

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He greeted Bennett cordially but shakily—a condition which Bennett put down to a hangover. He didn't object when Bennett asked to see his car. "It's kind of banged up," he said. "I hit a deer on the highway over in Marin County a while back."

The car was a 1953 Buick sedan, Jordan Gray, license number 1G6376.

It had a big cave-in on the left front of the engine hood. The paint was chipped off in the creases of the dent. The hood was sprung out of shape so that it would not close properly along the left fender. The fender itself bore a smaller dent, although the headlight was intact. The grill also showed marks of the collision.

Bennett called Sergeant Marchand, who asked the old swimmer to account for his whereabouts on the night of October 28.

Purcell didn't recall just how he had spent the evening, but he vehemently denied being the hit-run driver. He added that he had not been in the Hayward area for the past ten years.

Purcell gave Marchand a detailed account of his collision with the deer on Highway 101 in Marin County. He thought it had happened about November 3 or 4.

Marchand nodded. "Well, I'm going to have to take you in and hold you, Mr. Purcell. We're also going to impound your car for the time being."

Purcell sagged visibly. But he said nothing further.

Doctor Kirk, the criminologist, examined the car that afternoon at the police garage. He used his regular equipment—a bright light, a magnifying glass and a pair of

tweezers, plus a microscope. Afterward, he showed Chief Forth a few cloth fibers and some strands of hair.

"This was a very simple case," Kirk said. "These hairs, viewed under the scope, match perfectly with samples from the victim's head. They come from the grill and the windshield. These tiny fibers are identical with the cloth in the victim's coat and trousers. Besides that, I found a fabric impression on the chrome of the grill—not very clear, but significant."

Lonnice Michael, the filling station attendant was brought in for a look at Purcell. He said the swimming instructor was the man who had stopped at his station in Decoto on October 28, asking the way to Oakland. "I'd stake my life on it that he's the man," he said.

Late that night, Hayward Patrolman Glenn Coffey stopped in at the jail for a chat with Purcell, whom he had known as a swimming coach 20 years before.

"LET me give you a little coaching now, Leo," Coffey said. "If you're guilty, admit it. You'll feel a lot better. And you'll get over your jitters and shakes."

Purcell nodded, but said nothing.

On the morning of November 9, two officers took Purcell out for breakfast. As they passed the hooking desk, Purcell stopped to speak to Frenchy Marchand. "When I come back I want to talk to you," Purcell said.

After breakfast, Purcell sat down with Marchand and Inspectors Hopkins and Herrier. "Well," he began tiredly, "I want to tell you, you guys know it all. You've been

telling the truth and I've been lying. I killed that man out by the bridge."

Then he dictated a confession, which he later repeated to Deputy District Attorney William Abern of Alameda County.

On the day of the accident, Purcell said, he had been visiting and drinking with friends at Santa Cruz. Driving home, he said, he lost his way and stopped at the filling station in Decoto for directions. In Hayward he turned down Jackson Street, missed the freeway connection to Oakland and continued toward the San Mateo Bay Bridge.

He saw the two men crossing the highway and knew he had hit one of them. "I thought about slowing up—then I got panicky and sped up."

On the bridge he made a U-turn, when it occurred to him that the police might set up a road block. Then he followed back roads to his home.

"I thought I might be stopped at any second all the way home," he said. "I thought about giving up the next day. I just couldn't get the courage—I was afraid."

Purcell was charged with felony hit-run driving, a crime which carries a maximum penalty of one to five years' imprisonment. He was released on \$3000 bail. Reverend Rundles' widow filed a \$100,000 civil damage suit against Purcell on November 17.

Later Purcell was arraigned before Municipal Judge G. L. Foley in Hayward and entered a plea of not guilty on the hit-run charge. But on December 15, he was bound over to Superior Court after a preliminary hearing at which he admitted responsibility and indicated he would plead guilty.

But I Threw the Witch Out

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Bezer talked on, Halk picked up the name Jimmy Ricco. That had a familiar ring. He led Bezer into the file room, opened a drawer marked R and pulled out a folder. It was marked: "*Ricco, James—Unsolved Homicide Attempt.*"

"Sure," Halk said. He opened the folder and he went over the case with Bezer.

The attempt on 38-year-old Ricco's life had been made on the night of May 27, 1953. Ricco, a railroad freight checker and superintendent of the building he and his family lived in, was home, watching TV. His three young daughters were asleep. His wife was at the movies. There was a knock on the door and Ricco got up to answer.

According to the report he gave police later, "I opened the door and there was a guy, a big guy, I'd never seen him before, standing there. He was holding a gun in his right hand. When I saw him I said to myself, 'This is a lousy stickup and here I am with a stinking dime in my pocket.' I had no rents collected just that time. 'What are you going to do?' I asked the guy. 'I ain't got no money.'"

"The guy never said a word. He just pulled the trigger. The first shot hit me here, just above the heart. It spun me right around, all the way around. 'What'd you do that for?' I asked the guy, but he didn't answer."

"I felt like I was burning all over. I was worrying about my kids, sleeping in the other room. I kept asking the guy what the matter was. My head started to ring. I couldn't real-

ly hear even if he said anything. The hurt was terrible. But I had to do something to keep the kids from hearing. Maybe if they heard anything, and one of them came out, this guy would shoot one of them, too."

"I threw my right arm up and tried to close the door. That's when he fired the second shot, the one that got me under the armpit. By this time, the guy was a shadow. Instead of closing the door, I fell outside. On the floor all I could think about was, 'The next one will be in the head.'"

"The guy with the gun really was a shadow now and the last thing I knew the whole world became black."

DETECTIVE Halk remembered the rest. Ricco's wife, a slim, pretty, 30-year-old blonde named Patricia, had come back from the movies a few minutes later. With her at the time was a girl named Media Rainey. Media, the detective remembered from the routine questioning she'd been put through, had told police that she had gotten to know the Riccos when she baby-sat for their three girls, that she had eventually become a good friend of Pat Ricco.

Pat had phoned the police and Ricco had been taken to the hospital where, as one doctor said later, "he pulled through miraculously." The two slugs were removed and the only after-effect Ricco was to suffer was an occasional, but violent, fit of coughing.

Police had questioned Ricco in his hospital

room a few days after the shooting and he'd told them that he had no idea who his assailant might have been.

Any enemies, he'd been asked.

He'd come up with the name of a man, a truckdriver, with whom he'd had some trouble recently. "Maybe he got somebody to do it," Ricco had said.

The trucker had been picked up and questioned—and released a few hours later. Eventually, the case had gone into the books as unsolved.

The morning after cabdriver Bezer's visit to headquarters, Detective Halk visited Bronx Assistant District Attorney Louis Silver. Silver listened to the facts, then told Halk to get in touch with Bezer and have him at the office at 3 o'clock that afternoon.

"Are you willing to help us quell this thing?" Silver asked Bezer then.

"Yes," Bezer said.

"Then this is what we're going to do," Silver said. First, he said, he would obtain a court order to have the phones of Media Rainey and the Riccos tapped. Second, he, Bezer, would keep his date with Media that night and tell her he'd decided to go along with the plan. "Keep her fooled," Silver said, "and keep in constant touch."

It was exactly nine days until the "murder."

The police and the cabdriver got busy.

At the tavern that night, Bezer bought Media a drink and told her the good news.

"I knew you were an all-rightie," she said,

Pat and the other two women later that morning. He ordered Pat and Media held under \$50,000 bond. Ann Sabella, Media's sister, was let off with a \$1000 bond, which was paid for immediately by her husband.

Jimmy Ricco, meanwhile, spent the rest of the day trying to convince police and reporters that he was still in love with his wife. First, he announced that he would begin a campaign to raise the \$50,000 needed to release Pat from the pokey. "I don't have a dime," he said. "But I'll try to get the money."

Then, a few hours later, he announced that he had found a hole in the case—that it wasn't he who was to have been the murder victim.

"Then who was it?" he was asked.
"Pat," Ricco said, staunchly, "my wife!" He backed this up by inviting reporters to return to his apartment with him, by walking to a closet and pulling out a red gabardine jacket. "This is the only red jacket in the house," he said. "And it's Pat's, not mine. . . . And look, does it fit me? Look. I can barely get into the thing."

A reporter reminded Ricco that the idea of supplying him with a red jacket to make him a stronger victim had been eliminated by Media Rainey shortly after she'd begun making her plans with Fred Bezer, the cabbie.

Ricco shook his head. "It's Pat they were really after," he insisted. "It's poor Pat."

Ricco went to visit his poor Pat in jail the next morning. He couldn't get in to see her right away, but managed to get a note to her. It read: "I will raise the bail. Arrangements are being made. The children and I love you very much." He enclosed four of the six dollars he had left on him—"just in case you need anything."

A little later, Pat got a note back to Ricco.

"I love you, honey," it read. "I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble. Don't try to raise the bail. Everything will be all right."

Later that afternoon, Ricco was given permission to go upstairs and talk with Pat. At a coffee shop across from the jailhouse, he told reporters: "My lawyer has told me I've already done too much talking about the case. But boys, I've got to say one more thing. I just talked to my wife. She was crying and swore to me she had nothing to do with this plot. If her words were on those telephone records the police say they have, they only got there because she was under some undue influence on the part of the other two women. . . . Pat swore to me she's innocent. I know she's telling the truth. And if she's not, she's the greatest actress in the world and Rita Hayworth better start looking for another job!"

By this time, all New York had joined Ricco in talking about the case.

One of the papers went so far as to assign a roving reporter to ask the man and woman on the street: "What is your reaction to the story of James Ricco, who still loves his wife even though she is charged with plotting to kill him?"

Said one woman, a writer: "Ricco seems foolish. (But) when people are deeply in love, they often do things that seem foolish. . . . He will lead a fuller life because of his loving trust."

Said a man, a salesman: "I think the guy has bats in his belfry. . . . To me, the proof seems overwhelming. . . . Some husbands are so brow-beaten by their wives that they don't care whether they live."

A man, a field auditor, said: "My reaction is one of puzzlement. Incredible as it may

seem, James Ricco must have had a bappy and contented life with his wife. How else can you explain his loyalty?"

Said a housewife: "To me, the man seems silly. . . . If his wife does go free, can he live with her again, free of all worry?"

Said a window washer: "Mister, it's the kids. The three little girls are the sad ones. The kids are the ones a father pities. He wants his wife with them, so she can take care of them. His life means nothing compared to the kids. That's why he's acting like this."

The whole town was talking. In fact, everybody seemed to have something to say about the affair, except Media Rainey. Media, after constant questioning, was described as "extremely tight-lipped and uncooperative."

On Friday, December 10, District Attorney Silver announced that he was worried about only one aspect of the case. "I am fearful," he said, "for the life of the cabdriver, Bezer, and fearful for a sister of one of the defendants." He declined to identify the sister. "The plot," he went on, "was so diabolical, it soars beyond the imagination."

Later that day, a Bronx grand jury filed informations against Media, Pat and Ann Sabella, accusing them of "unlawfully conspiring to kill one James Ricco by having him struck, crushed, run over and killed by a taxicab."

Only two witnesses testified before the jury. One was Detective Halk. The other was Fred Bezer, the cabbie, who, as one newspaper reported, "entered the jury room making like a mystery man, with a textbook on criminology and a notebook under his arm."

If convicted of the charge, it was announced, the three women would face jail terms of up to three years.

What's My Line?

continued from page 33

three children, Sammy, ten; Susan, six, and David, three. Both parents were gone from home in the daytime. Mr. Kinder worked at the American Airlines Overhaul and Supply Depot. Mrs. Kinder was employed by a Tulsa real estate firm. But they agreed to go along with police. For three weeks, they let Nannie, the suspected poisoner, stay in their home, cook for them and take care of their children.

"Be careful," Stege warned. "Never let her suspect you're working with the police."

Mrs. Kinder phoned home two or three times a day, always with the same question: "Are the children all right, Nannie?"

Nannie laughed. "They're fine."

Nannie was the best worker the Kinders ever had. She baked hot bread and biscuits, made fine sweet potato pie. The Kinders bought bread only once in three weeks. When Nannie poured coffee for them, she also poured for herself.

When police phoned the Kinders they always began, "Can you talk?" When Nannie was present they talked so she wouldn't get suspicious.

"No, I'm sorry, I can't make it for lunch tomorrow. Yes, I'll be at the office."

But they were almost sure Nannie knew when they were talking to police. She'd purse her lips, half listening, looking out a window, a pensive, far-away look in her eyes. She

knew that the police were investigating her husband's death, and talked about it.

"My conscience is clear and I don't have a thing to worry about," she assured the Kinders.

Her favorite TV program was *Pertie Faces Life*, currently featuring a murder trial.

"I say the woman's innocent," Nannie said. She was strong-willed and enthusiastic. She liked all television shows. And she was fast as a whirlwind, scrubbing the house, washing clothes, looking after the children.

The children fell in love with her. Every morning little David woke up and ran into her room so she'd ride him horsey back on her knee. He had his fourth birthday.

"Will you bake him a cake?" Mrs. Kinder asked.

"Already have," Nannie said. "Bought him a toy car, too."

Sunday mornings Nannie was up early, preparing Sunday dinner and getting ready to attend the Methodist church. She wanted to take the children, but Mrs. Kinder managed to put her off.

She was a light sleeper during those weeks at the Kinders, tossing and turning in her bed. The Kinders lost sleep, too. Kinder jumped up every time he heard a door squeak. As Nannie's time with the Kinders dragged through two, three weeks, she had a premonition that she was going to be arrested.

"If they come after me," she murmured to Mrs. Kinder, "Don't tell the children. Tell them they're insurance agents and I have to make a trip downtown."

Tulsa authorities checked Nannie's background with officers in Kansas, Alabama and North Carolina. Sheriff Al Locke of Lyon County, Kan., found that Richard Morton's dog was believed poisoned. But the animal's body had been buried.

Another of Nannie's husbands, Frank Harrison, had died, apparently of acute alcoholism. His relatives in Alabama said she had another husband, Harley Lanning. He died at 54 in Lexington, N. C., in 1947, apparently of "food poisoning."

Relatives in Lexington said Nannie's house had burned shortly after Lanning's death. Nannie collected insurance for the furniture, about \$1400, but failed to collect for a television set that had been removed from the house and did not burn.

Shortly before Morton died in Kansas, Nannie had told his relatives that her grandson in North Carolina was stricken with polio and she had to visit him. Morton died shortly after she returned to Kansas. She also made a trip to see a stricken grandson shortly before Doss died.

Her father and mother, a grandson, nephew, sister and several others had died while Nannie was around. Nannie nursed some of them

in their last hours. The symptoms were usually vomiting, abdominal pains, nausea. Symptoms of arsenic poisoning.

Morton's body was exhumed from Kansas soil on November 25. Examination showed it contained 2.7 milligrams of arsenic per pound in the stomach, 4.0 milligrams per pound in the liver. Even more arsenic than was found in the vital organs of Doss. Enough in Morton to kill an elephant, the pathologist said.

Police decided the time had come to bring Nannie to headquarters.

At 6 p.m., Friday, November 26, after six weeks of undercover investigation, they arrested her at the Kinder home where she'd just finished preparing dinner.

"Sure, I'm ready to go with you," she grinned. "But I didn't do anything. My conscience is clear."

A battery of police waited to question her. Tulsa police, state crime bureau men, the Kansas bureau, the FBI, the Emporia sheriff, officers in North Carolina and Alabama were working together on the case.

"I just don't understand this arsenic business," she said, as she toyed with her cigaret lighter. "But you folks just ask me anything you want to."

"You told us after Doss died that you had only been married one other time. We know you were married to Richard Morton in Kansas," Detective Stege said.

"It's absolutely a mistake. I never lived in Kansas."

Stege showed her five insurance policies totaling \$1400 on Morton's life, naming her as beneficiary.

She giggled girlishly. "Well, you got me trapped, I guess I did know him. He was 69. I didn't want anyone to know I had been married to a man that old. That's the reason I didn't tell you."

"Where did you buy the arsenic?"

"I never bought any arsenic and you can't prove I did. I don't know how it happened I'd be glad to help you any way I can. If I had done it I would tell you and ask for the mercy of the court. I'm just as honest in that as I can be. I didn't do it!"

Stege turned the questioning over to other officers. Nannie kept smiling.

"Did you have insurance on all your husbands?"

"Only those little policies. Hospital and burial expenses took most of the money. They haven't paid me for the Doss policy. Why, I'd never poison anyone. I married those men because I loved them, not for money."

Perspiration broke out in tiny beads on the pudgy cheeks of the 170-pound suspect. But she kept answering their questions.

"It's a big mistake, but I want to help you," she said.

Eight officers quizzed her in shifts. Hours later Nannie was sighing and snuggling them away, patting her frizzed hair and saying, "That last permanent was a bad one. I know I look a mess!"

At 3 A.M. she leveled her eyes on her exhausted accusers. "I'm a Christian woman. I don't know anything about this. My conscience is clear." She smiled at the weary officers, and they gave up for the night.

A few hours rest, and they were back. Nannie greeted them with the same untiring smile. "You all have been nice to me. I like you and I like Oklahoma. You can ask me all the questions you want to, but I didn't do anything."

Nannie has a big weakness for things romantic. She sat in her jail cell pouring over true love-type magazines. When someone mentioned it to her, she ducked her head and almost blushed. She told the officers her favorite radio and television shows were love stories. The way she smiled and lowered her eyes, they could tell her favorite questioner was the tall and prematurely gray Sheriff Locke. She'd taken quite a shine to him.

"I'd kinda like to talk with that big sheriff from Kansas," she confided to Detective Stege. It was noon Saturday, 18 hours after her arrest and she was still swearing her conscience was clear.

The officers left her alone and huddled over a plan.

Nannie liked Sheriff Locke. She'd wanted him to talk to her. Naturally she expected him to be nice to her. They decided to try the old squeeze play, standard technique among police everywhere.

Sheriff Locke would play the handsome but cruel villain. Detective Stege, hefty and balding, would be a sympathetic friend. And poor Nannie would be caught in the middle.

Locke went into the Tulsa County courthouse and locked himself in a room with Nannie. When their eyes met she winked, and she shocked her eyes wide open by roaring, "Nannie, you're going to hell!"

He moved closer. "You're going to hang for these murders. Did you ever see a man hang? His eyes pop, his tongue lolls out."

"Don't do that . . . Don't say that. Please," Nannie begged.

"I want you to think about those 13 steps to the noose, Nannie, those 13 steps to everlasting hell and damnation." He threatened her with hell, whispering in her ear, "You're going to die for your hideous crimes. You'd better repent or go to hell."

She regained her composure. She laced her fingers together and rested her folded hands in her lap.

"My conscience is clear," she said over and over.

For two hours his words scorched her ears. She turned her cigaret lighter over in her hands. She flushed and drew her lips tightly together.

"I won't tell you anything," she said innocently and finally, as if she were dismissing him from her presence.

THEY left her to rest and think it over in her cell. By mid-afternoon she'd had time enough to work up a smoldering rage, not only because Locke had harangued her, but because she'd wanted him to treat her nice.

Stege moved in now and started sympathizing.

"That Locke is rough. He didn't hurt you, did he? Confidentially, we don't like out-of-state sheriffs meddling in Oklahoma business."

The muscular career officer, holder of a law degree, graduate of the FBI Academy and veteran with 24 years of continuous service with the department, sat beside her on her cell bunk and cooed, "I want to be your friend, Nannie. I want to help you."

Nannie took off her glasses, let them drop in her lap, and rubbed her hair and eyes with her palm.

"My head is splitting," she said. "I've had migraine headaches all my life, you know. I guess that's why I have to wear these glasses."

She told him about being in a wreck when she was seven and suffering a skull fracture.



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"I was in a buggy. A train hit it and we turned over. I remember crawling out from under it and Daddy picking me up. I remember it well. I'll never forget it."

"Did you ever go to a doctor about the headaches?"

"No. I just eat aspirin all the time."

She told him she was born near Anniston, Ala., in 1904. Her family was big, and she quit school after the fifth grade.

"I can remember chopping cotton in the heat and sometimes we didn't have enough to eat. But I was never one to take things serious."

"Was Sam Doss good to you?"

Nannie pursed her lips. "I don't hold any grudges. I saw his cousin a lot after Sam died. His cousin gave me these white earrings and the necklace."

They talked quietly through the afternoon and evening. Stege's voice and face became as familiar to Nanny as her cell. It was nearly 9 o'clock, 27 hours after her arrest, when Stege worked the conversation around to Sam Doss.

"To tell you the truth," Nannie frowned, "Sam Doss got on my nerves with little things. After his second illness he gripped at me and got on my nerves when I tried to feed him."

Stege left the room for a moment. "I think the baby's being born," he told officers. He called Mrs. Jean Reynolds, police stenographer, into the room with Nannie and himself. Other officers remained outside, listening at the door.

"He got on my nerves after he came home from the hospital the second time and I gave him the rat poison. I just gave it to him once, then only a spoonful."

"I never got to see many movies after I came to Oklahoma. He wouldn't let me visit neighbors to watch television. He wouldn't even let me keep a radio in the house, or use a fan to keep cool in the summer. He went to bed every night at dark, turned the lights out and made me go to bed. He wouldn't let me do anything like other people."

"Telling it, she was as calm and composed as she might have been if she were being baptized," the stenographer said.

Nannie said she'd bought a 50-cent bottle of arsenic rat poison at a grocery in Tulsa. She didn't remember what brand. Just that it was the clear liquid kind.

"But I don't know anything about the deaths of my other husbands. My conscience is clear now," she said, and lit another cigaret.

"Being up here," Nannie said, "I miss being with the Kinder children more than anything else. I miss little Davey most of all."

At breakfast, four-year-old David Kinder spotted the housekeeper's picture on the newspaper front page under headlines about arsenic Nannie. "There's Nannie!" he cried, grabbing the paper and kissing the picture.

Nationwide publicity helped pile the mountain of evidence against Nannie. Mrs. Dorothy Jones, clerk at a Tulsa grocery, told County Attorney J. Howard Edmondson she sold Nannie the arsenic.

"She came in and looked around for it but couldn't find it. She asked me to help her. We had a little trouble finding it. I found some rat poison without pills first."

Mrs. Jones asked, "Will these do?"

"No, I have to have liquid."

Joining, Mrs. Jones asked, "What are you going to do with it?"

"Feed it to my husband," Nannie laughed.

By Sunday morning police were investigating 12 separate deaths Nannie was believed linked to.

Her full name was Nannie Braggs Harrelson Lanning Morton Doss. All but one of her husbands, Charlie Braggs, had died under mysterious circumstances. Braggs was still alive.

The dead included: Two of her children by her first marriage to Braggs. The children, aged one and two, died about 1924. She divorced Braggs in 1928.

Husband No. 2, Frank Harrelson, who died in 1945.

A two-year-old grandson, Robert Lee Higgins, who died two months before Harrelson.

A sister, Mrs. Dovie Weaver, of Anniston, Ala., who died in 1951.

Husband No. 3, Arlie J. Lanning, 54, of Lexington, N. C., who died in 1952.

Her mother, Mrs. Sue Hazle, who died in 1953.

Her father, Jim Hazle, who died in 1953. (Nannie said he died in a mental hospital at Tuscaloosa.)

Her sister, Mrs. Sula Bartlee, Gadsden, Ala., who died in 1953.

Husband No. 4, Richard L. Morton, Sr., 69 who died May 19, 1953, in Emporia, Kan.

ANSWERS TO HEADQUARTERS LINEUP

(Quiz on page 14)

1 (a) Many prison guards, like mental institution attendants, took their present jobs in a desperate hour when they were broke. They remain on the job because they can't figure out how to get out.

2 (b) Only about one prisoner in three cares how he looks. Most feel since it doesn't matter to anyone else, why bother.

3 Louise Peete Judson.

4 (b) The vast majority of our criminals have emotional problems. They may think they know what they're doing and why but they're mistaken. They're neurotics, mixed-up since they were kids.

5 (b) The cop on the beat and the plainclothesman just don't get along. Policemen know detectives consider themselves superior. So why help them? The detective is going to get the credit, let him do the work, is often the attitude.

6 (b) It's no more unreasonable of the police to want a handwriting specimen than a hair from a prisoner's head for comparison purposes.

7 (a) The scientific crime laboratory is entitled to a few drops of the prisoner's blood. An innocent man would have nothing to fear or to lose by his full cooperation. It might even lead to his release.

8 (a) The prisoner must go along with police to the crime scene just the way he would to a headquarters lineup for witnesses to give him the once-over.

9 (a) The prosecuting attorney has tremendous authority. He decides what to investigate, what to prosecute, what indictments to quash, what to enforce to the letter of the law, what violations to wink at.

10 (a) Usually, Juror Number One—the first man picked for duty—becomes the foreman.

And Husband No. 5, Samuel Doss, 58, who died October 10, 1954, in Tulsa.

Sheriff A. A. Fale of Anniston, Ala., talked with Earnest Harrelson, brother of deceased Husband No. 2.

A physician at the time of Harrelson's death attributed it and the death of the grandson to food poisoning.

"I didn't like the looks of it," his brother said. "I was going to ask for an autopsy, but my younger brother didn't approve of it so I just let it go."

As Harrelson and his brother had walked away from the cemetery after the grandchild's burial, Husband No. 2 remarked, "I'll be the next one." He was dead two months later.

On Sunday, Nannie talked freely to Stege and began to confide in County Attorney Edmondson. "I feel like we're old friends now," she said. "I like you fellows." By nightfall Sunday she was talking to everyone, and her ghastly secrets were broadcast to the world.

Saturday night she'd said she gave Doss, Husband No. 5, only one little dose of arsenic, in his coffee. Sunday morning she said she bought the bottle the first part of September and at that time gave Doss his first dose in a big bowl of prunes.

"He sure did like prunes," she chuckled. "I fixed him a whole box and he ate them all." The dose was so big and Doss vomited so much the arsenic-bathed prunes failed to kill him. But he spent 23 days in St. John's hospital. After his release she gave him a "large spoonful" of the rat poison in a cup of coffee. He died next day.

Now she mused, "He told me he'd been a Christian man all his life and I would be a Christian woman. Said I didn't need radio or television."

"How about Morton?" asked Police Chief Al Bates of Emporia, Kan.

"He was a nice man. I wouldn't poison him," she said. But later she began, "I guess it was jealousy. . . ."

Morton, part-Indian, worked in a pool hall at Emporia. She said she bought rat poison for him when she returned from a visit with relatives in North Carolina and heard gossip that her 69-year-old spouse had been running around with his former wife's sister.

Nannie poured one and a half inches of rat poison into his coffee.

"But I didn't poison his dog," she insisted. "I couldn't have because I used all the poison in the bottle in his coffee."

Morton spoke the truest last words of any of Nannie's husbands. The night at the pool hall before he died he complained, "My stomach is upset. I guess I shouldn't have had that second cup of coffee."

She denied that she'd met Morton through a lonely hearts club. "I met him in the bus station in August, 1952, in Birmingham, Ala., and we started corresponding."

But Frank Finley, operator of *The Diamond Circle* club in St. Louis, Mo., phoned Tulsa authorities and gave this information: Mrs. Doss joined his club as Mrs. Lanning on June 30, 1952, paying \$5 for a membership entitling her to receive monthly lists of lonely men for one year. Morton took out a membership 70 days later.

Morton wrote Finley this note: "Will you please take our names off your list for we have met and are very happily married. She is a sweet and wonderful woman. I would not have met her had it not been for your

club."—R.L. Morton, Sr., Emporia, Kan., and Mrs. Nannie Lanning, Jacksonville, Ala.

After confessing his murder, Nannie calmly announced, "My conscience is clear, now."

Sunday afternoon, working backward chronologically, she told about Husband No. 3, Harley Lanning, 54, of Lexington, N.C. He'd been a childhood friend from back home in Anniston, Ala., she said.

"But I heard he'd been running around with other women. We had trouble after his sister told me he had a party and the police took away a bunch of drunken men and women from our house. This happened when I was away visiting. It was about six months from that first trouble that he died. We kept arguing until it brought on serious trouble and I put rat poison in his food. I don't remember just what I put it in, but he vomited that first night. The doctor came next day and Harley died the next night. I tried to help him. I tried to help all my husbands. I called the doctor in."

Lanning's relatives in Alabama denied the man had held a party during Nannie's absence. "There was never a better or kinder man than Harley Lanning."

"What happened to Frank Harrelson, your second husband?" they asked Nannie.

"MY conscience is clear about him," she said. "He was a jailbird and a drunkard, and he mistreated me. It was one Sunday night and he'd been out drinking since Saturday night. His brother, Ray, came to get me and said Frank wanted me. Frank was passed out in his pick-up on the edge of Jacksonville, Ala., and he was too drunk to drive so I drove him home."

"He wanted me to go to bed with him, but he was drunk and I didn't want to. Then he said, 'My God, woman, I may not be here next Sunday to go to bed with.' I got to thinking about what he said and thought, 'I'll just teach him.' I climbed out of bed and went to a flour bin where he kept a pint jar of his rotgut corn liquor, and poured rat poison into it. Next morning, his bottle was empty. He was sick all week, and the next Sunday he died."

She didn't remember the brand of poison, she said. On Sunday night she signed statements admitting she poisoned four of her five husbands.

"My conscience is clear now. I've got nothing else bothering me."

She said she divorced her sole surviving former mate, Husband No. 1, "because he brought another woman home with him to live, and I couldn't stand for that."

The former husband, Charlie Braggs, now happily remarried and operator of a small trucking company in Alabama City, 28 miles from Anniston, had a different version. He said Nannie was the one who strayed.

"I met Nannie in 1921 in the cotton mill town of Blue Mountain, Ala., where I was working. I was 19. She was about 16. A pretty girl, good build and a lot of fun. We started off pretty well, but after a couple of years she started going off. I decided it was all off when she came to our house with a man with her. I called her daddy and said for him to come get one of our daughters. I had decided to keep the oldest. Her daddy came and got the other."

"I got divorced in Gaspstown. The officers filled in all the reasons why we were doing this. . . . We had five children. One of them

died right after she was born. The other two died when they were young and some of the neighbors said there was something funny about the way they died because they turned black so quick. Some of my folks warned me about Nannie and when she got mad I wouldn't eat nothing she fixed or drink nothing around the house. She was high-tempered and right mean. She made like she was a church woman and some of my folks thought she was. But I found out she was no more Christian than if she had never heard the Bible preached. I told my mother that."

"It sort of shocked me when I first heard about Nannie, but when I got to thinking about our children turning black, I wasn't too surprised. I guess I was pretty lucky they aren't having to dig me up to see if she gave me poison. Yep, I guess I was pretty lucky."

On Monday, November 29, murder charges were filed against Nannie in Tulsa. Her two court-appointed attorneys, Quinn Dickason and Gordon L. Patton, ordered her to stop talking.

Nannie called for Prosecutor Edmondson. "I just wanted you to know I don't hold any grudge. I wouldn't mind talking to you, but my lawyers told me not to."

Investigation showed that her sister, Mrs. Weaver, had died on June 30, 1950, in Gadsden, Ala., of cancer. Her father, Jim Harke, had died in the Alabama state hospital at Tuscaloosa March 1, 1952, at the age of 75, of senility.

These two natural deaths reduced the list of possible victims to ten.

On Wednesday, December 3, a second murder charge was filed. This one was for the death of Morton, and was filed in Emporia, Kan. The body of Arlie Lanning, Husband No. 3, was dug up in North Carolina. His grave marker read: "Till we meet again." The autopsy showed the body, dead two years, contained 10 milligrams of arsenic per 100 grams of liver tissue, a very high percentage.

District Solicitor Charles Hagen in Lexington, N.C., filed the third murder charge in the death of Lanning.

Nannie's mother had been buried beside Lanning. Officials brought up her body too, and on December 3, a toxicologist reported on the autopsy. Nannie's mother's body contained enough arsenic to kill.

When they told Nannie, her smile died and she raged for the first time since her arrest. "I didn't kill my mother," she snapped.

Prosecutor Edmondson showed her the report.

"I don't care," she shouted. "I wouldn't poison my own blood kin. I loved my mother more than I love myself. I'm sorry I can't talk to you further. Now I've got to get back upstairs. A writer for a magazine has been interviewing me all day and taking pictures. I've got to tell him the rest of my life story."

"That's why you have on lipstick, isn't it?" Edmondson said.

"Well, I might as well go first class," Mamie told him.

On Sunday, December 3, brothers of Frank Harrelson, Husband No. 2, agreed to allow his body to be exhumed for an autopsy. Authorities planned to ask for a court order to exhume the bodies of Harrelson, the grandson Robert Lee Higgins, and Nannie's sister, Mrs. Dovie Weaver, all buried at Anniston, Ala. (Continued on page 96)

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